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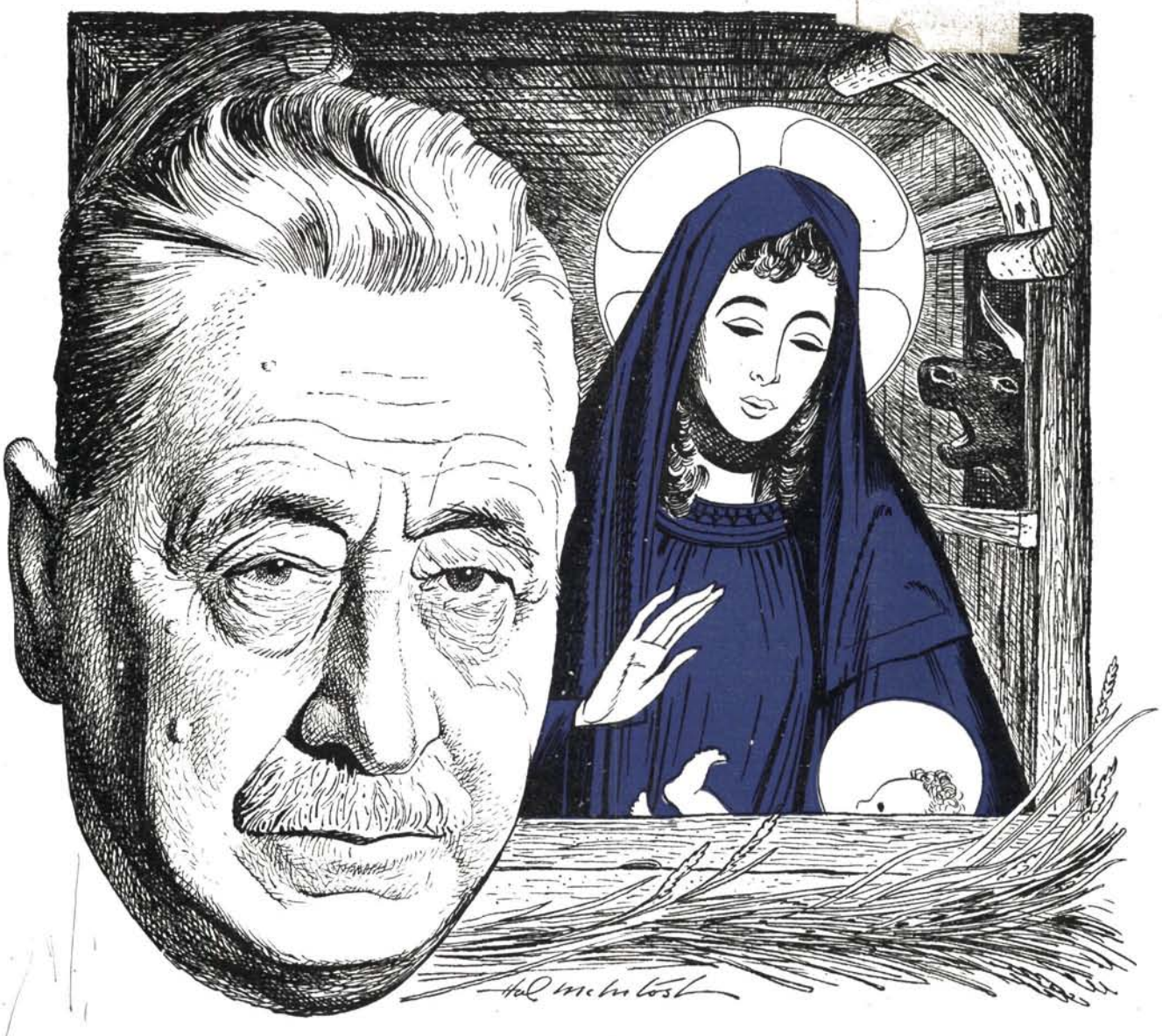

Sholem Asch, author of "Mary." (See page 19)

On Being a Cud-Chewing Animal

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

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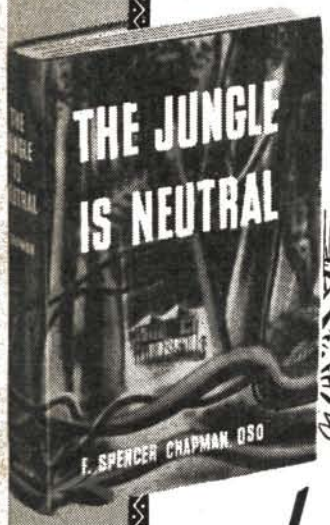

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This Week

October 8, 1949

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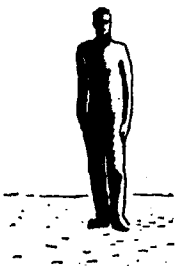
"A remarkably successful novel of character."—JOHN HORNE BURNS.

The

Donnington Legend



by DAVID BEATY

Superb story of a young man's rise to leadership, seen through the eyes of the people around him.

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Cattle Empire:

The Fabulous Story of the 3,000,000 Acre XIT

by LEWIS NORDYKE

"Perhaps the greatest tenderfoot story that ever came out of the West—the story of how four easterners traded the state of Texas a new capitol for three million acres of wilderness they had never seen, how they explored it, tamed it and converted it into one of the greatest cattle ranches in the world. It is a romance of the frontier but also a romance of American business in its daring youth . . . adroitly told and highly readable . . . a valuable contribution to the social history of the Southwest." **—HARVEY FERGUSSON.** *$4.00 at bookstores.*

MORROW

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TRADE Winds

WHAT IS THE MYSTERIOUS quality that makes possibly one book a season a sure-fire best seller six months before publication—a subject for excited speculation by the trade sometimes before the author actually has written the concluding chapters? John O'Hara's "A Rage to Live" was such a preordained smash in 1949, and Henry Morton Robinson's "The Cardinal" is certain to be a similar sensation in 1950.

The style and subject matter of these two novels could scarcely be more dissimilar. Pre-publication exploitation also must be ruled out. In the case of "A Rage to Live," the publishers actually discouraged premature ballyhoo, in the hope (abundantly realized) that reviews and word-of-mouth recommendations would create a demand similar to the rush for "South Pacific" ducats after that phenomenon had left blasé critics cheering in the aisles. As for "The Cardinal," the publishers were still awaiting a final manuscript when orders began pouring in from bookstores all over the country.

If the intangible quality that sparked these two fantastically different novels to glory could be isolated and dissected, harassed publishers might save themselves endless anguish over expected smash hits that never get away from the barrier—elaborately planned "sensations" that are carted straight from the bindery to the remainder counters. The public decides for itself what books are going to be its favorites and is not bamboozled by synthetic fireworks nearly so often as it was in the less sophisticated days of the jazz age. Even teen-agers at the movies are beginning to hoot at trailers loaded with blatant overstatements, imbecilic clichés, and cheap, garish art work. When publishers stoop to such tactics, it's a sure sign the procession has passed them by. . . .

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT "The Cardinal." The author, "Rondo" Robinson, when serving as a senior editor of *The Reader's Digest*, amused himself in his spare time by co-authoring the learned but esoteric "A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake." His novel "The Big Snow" appealed to a much wider public, and then came an editorial chore on Joshua Liebman's "Peace of Mind." Nobody will ever be able to compute how much of that book's tremendous success is due to the Robinson touch. At any rate, it was a fitting prelude to the to-do that will ensue when "The Cardinal" hits the stands. Herbert Mayes, the brilliant editor of *Cosmopolitan*, added fuel to the flames by bagging serialization rights and stating categorically, "This is the first great novel of the Catholic Church—one of the most distinguished and exciting books I've read in years." The September issue of *Cosmopolitan* hadn't been out a week when the tempo of advance orders increased tenfold. Incidentally, many booksellers, undoubtedly with Lloyd Douglas in the backs of their minds, automatically forwarded their orders to Houghton Mifflin. H. M. had to turn them over to Simon & Schuster, who were smart enough to sign Henry Morton Robinson in the first place, and may be counted upon to sell every last copy of "The Cardinal" the traffic will bear. . . .

TALK ABOUT "THE CARDINAL" brings to mind a story emanating from Washington, authorship unrecorded, of a Navy lieutenant named Miller who was dispatched on a lonely and dangerous reconnaissance mission to an uncharted island in the South Pacific early in 1945. A full-scale invasion of Japan was still the master plan and it was Miller's job to report by wireless, if possible, on Japanese naval movements in his sector.

Then came the atom bomb and the Japanese surrender, and in the excitement, somehow, poor Miller was forgotten completely. Four whole years later, an underling in the Navy Department was sorting records and came across the flimsy containing Miller's instructions. Obviously, the file was incomplete, and in due course the Minister for Defense heard about the case. "Good heavens," he exclaimed, "the poor so-and-so must still be on that island—if he's lucky! The only fair thing to do is send a battleship and make a great hero of him—if we can find him!"

Accordingly, a full admiral was dispatched to the island, aboard one of our newest dreadnaughts. When he steamed into the little harbor he was astonished to find that Miller, an ingenious fellow, had taught the natives to install radios, telephones, electricity, and air-cooling, and was sitting pretty as the revered leader of a very civilized community. Miller proudly showed the admiral the sights. One building, more imposing than the rest, caught the admiral's eye. "Our orthodox synagogue," Miller, who was Jewish, explained proudly. A few minutes later, the

"A most unusual thing has happened to one barrel of apricots, Brother Sylvester!"

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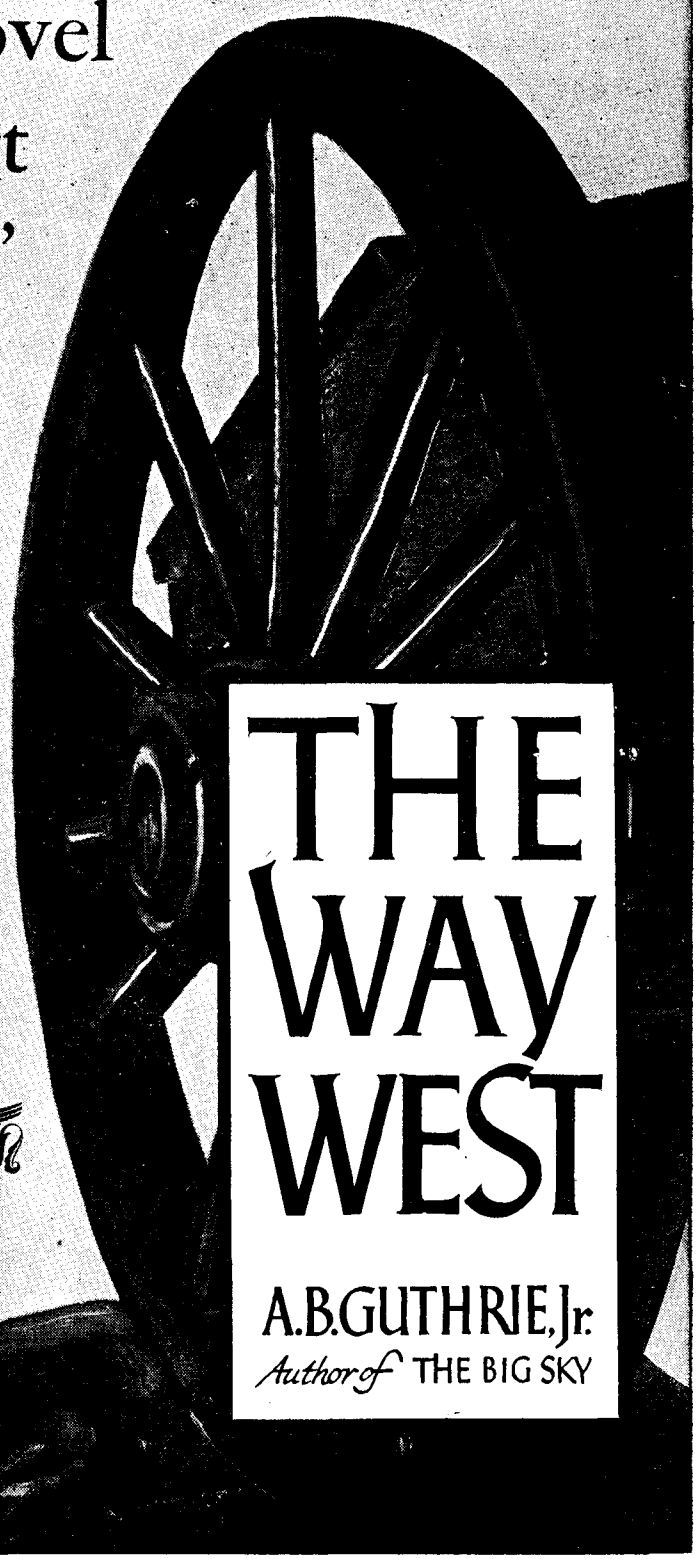
The new novel by the author of **THE BIG SKY** "is excitingly refreshing reading ...the finest novel on the subject in existence."



"THE WAY WEST is the finest novel on the subject in existence. It gives the reader a sense that exactly thus, and in no other way, a train of Oregon-fevered Americans made its way from Missouri to the banks of the Columbia River. This is the earthy way they must have talked and quarreled, this was the manner of their birthing and dying. It is excitingly refreshing reading, not only because it deals with an inspiring chapter in our history, but because the people who fill its pages are so different from the sick and turned-in characters of most of our modern novels. This is a book that will be read with fascination by Americans of either sex and by young and old. It will give them pleasure. It will, above everything, make them proud."—*Clifton Fadiman.*

"THE WAY WEST is the only novel of the old West which is better than THE BIG SKY. The pioneer West has found its novelist at last."—*Bernard De Voto.*

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THE WAY WEST

A.B. GUTHRIE, Jr.
Author of THE BIG SKY

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Deliberately and deliciously,

and with incisive economy of words, Dorothy Erskine's new novel takes you into the homes of smalltown America—and lets you in on the sly yearnings, the guilty secrets of the people you know. You will meet dear, potty old Miss Pettinger, with her scarecrow legs, and her ridiculous pink hat, dreaming of lambchops while she made death an achievement . . . Her niece, Helen, who wanted only what every girl wants—adoration, excitement, and lots of money—and got it, what's more . . . Dashing Peter Stevenson, of Stockholm, London, New York and Lafayetteville, who thought he knew all there was to know about women, and very nearly did — until he met Helen . . . Middle-aged Dr. McQuittie, who dabbled in passion and strychnine and loved Helen too much . . .

Dorothy Erskine is a serious comedienne — mannered and masterful, witty and wise. All of her characters, the main ones and the minor ones down to a bell-hop in a honeymoon hotel, come wonderfully to life. You will want to read more of her when you read

Miss Pettinger's

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admiral spied another structure that was just as elegant. "What's that?" he asked.

Lieutenant Miller looked uncomfortable. "That's the reform temple," he admitted sheepishly, "but upon my honor, sir, I've never set foot in it!"...

IN THE *CHICAGO TRIBUNE*, Fred Babcock reports on a talk made at an A. C. McClurg luncheon by Howard Lewis, president of Dodd, Mead. One day, said Lewis, a visitor to his office held forth interminably on the need for a United States of Europe. Already late for his train, Lewis finally interrupted, "This is all mighty interesting. Why don't you put it into a book?" The visitor answered, "I did —and you published it."

Another time a Tokyo bookseller appeared at Dodd, Mead to exchange amenities. There was something sinister in his expression, and Lewis decided that he would be perfectly cast as head villain in one of those routine spy thrillers turned out in Hollywood during the war. In the midst of his reflection, the Tokyo bookseller suddenly exclaimed, "Now I know whom you remind me of, Mr. Lewis. You look just like Mr. Moto!" . . . In another column of the *Chicago Tribune*'s excellent book section, Vincent Starrett notes that back in the 1870's publishers and authors did not always love and admire one another as much as they do today. When one publisher named John Camden Hotten, for instance, passed away in London, a disgruntled author on his list promptly suggested for an epitaph, "Hotten, Rotten, Forgotten." . . . Vincent also discussed E. C. Bentley's "clerihews," examples of which, you may recall, were run in TRADE WINDS a few years ago. Here are a few I never heard before:

Sir Humphrey Davy
Detested gravy.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered sodium.

Frederick the Great
Became King at twenty-eight.
In a fit of amnesia
He invaded Silesia.

Louis Quatorze
Had a penchant for wars.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 810)

JOHN GUNTHER:
BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Civil liberties are not much of a preoccupation among people who have never had them. "Freedom" doesn't mean to the average Eastern European what it means to us. What he is interested in is freedom to eat and get education and a job.

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He sent Turenne to the Palatinate
With instructions to flatten it.

Who would like to try his hand at a clerihew or tew about present-day authors and politicos? . . .

LITERARY QUIZ ADDICTS will never be the same after being exposed to these questions and answers by the waggish B. Edelstein, of Boston (I notice he didn't have the nerve to dictate them to a secretary, but pecked them out himself on his Remington):

Q. What is a Roanoke citizen who stands on street corners and whistles at the girlies?

A. A Virginia Woolf.

Q. Who is the heaviest book reviewer?

A. Clifton. He's a Fadiman.

Q. What was the weight of Gilbert K.?

A. Chesterton.

Q. Who were the last relatives of the British to defeat them in battle?

A. Their Norman Cousins.

Q. Can I be a beer mug?

A. No. Only a Henry Seidel Canby.

Q. Where would one find pictures of the characters in "The Year of Decision: 1846"?

A. In Devoto album.

Q. Why did Alexander's sheep fail to scale the fence?

A. Woollcott.

Q. Would yo' all lahk ter share in the profits of "Miss Liberty"?

A. Yes, suh, R. Sherwood.

With the slightest encouragement, this Edelstein character threatens to develop into another Louis Untermeyer! —BENNETT CERF.

Love Song

By Carol Hogben

SLEEP is lined in my hand
With the letters of your name,
And dreams wait but a finger
On the brow to kiss me home.

Walk past the knave in me,—
Here is my heart;
Here the carved choirstalls
That ring with your thought.

Each finger has its book of prayers
Laid on a smile,
Where shadows come softly,
Fall down and kneel.

Oh I, the maze, am lost in you,
But your eyes center me.
You wander in my secrets
All too familiarly.

Love, your lover, took your thread
And slew my loneliness;
So may he keep you now,
Lost in my happiness.

A one man Bartlett of everyman's Peer

FROM SHAW'S writings on art and the artist, women and sex, the Irish and the English—and all the other subjects that have been dragged out of the commonplace by his incomparable pen — Stephen Winsten has almost answered the tantalizing question "Who is the real Bernard Shaw and what does he think?"

By a nice sense of selection and groupings of writings gathered from Shaw's plays, letters, essays and prefaces, Stephen Winsten somehow succeeds in recreating the entire man. You may pick up this book because Shavian wit and brilliance enchants you. Needless to say the 401 pages abound with it; but the editorial presence of the long-time friend and neighbor gives you an added insight that no ordinary anthology could ever achieve.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER: "I don't know when I've had so good a time with any book as I have had this week-end with "The Quintessence of G. B. S." I can't get enough, or know enough, of Shaw. Nobody can. This book is a set of continual surprises, of brilliant segments and marvelous mosaics."

Here is Bernard Shaw on —

LOVE: "When we want to read of the deeds that are done for love, whither do we turn? To the murder column; and there we are rarely disappointed."

WOMEN: "Most women are so thoroughly home-bred as to be unfit for human society."

MONEY: "Money is indeed the most important thing in the world; and all sound and successful personal and national morality should have this fact for its basis. Every teacher or twaddler who denies it or suppresses it, is an enemy of life."

CHILDREN: "If you must hold yourself up to your children as an object lesson (which is not at all necessary), hold yourself up as a warning and not as an example."

and practically every other subject under the sun.

The Quintessence of G.B.S.

Edited by STEPHEN WINSTEN

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The Saturday Review of Literature

China: Still the Good Earth

PEARL S. BUCK

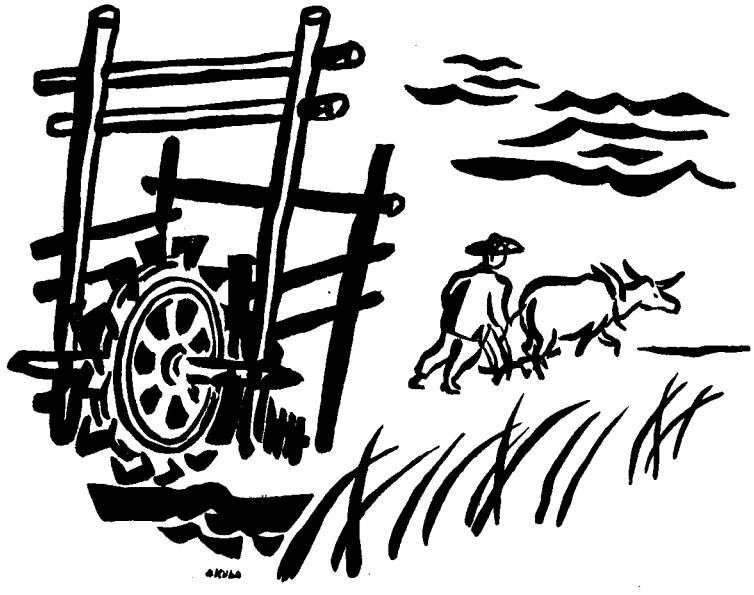
—Elizabeth Coleman.

Pearl S. Buck

TWENTY years ago, or nearly, on a gray February morning in the capital of a new government in China, I climbed the stairs to an attic room and began to write a book. There was nothing planned, not the time, the place, or the book. That there would be some sort of a book I knew very well and had always known. It would be written in the fulness of time in my life. I had no feeling of haste over the years. I knew that all the living and seeing and thinking and feeling of the years would end in writing. That would be the precipitation and the resolution of long, continuing processes.

When I sat down at my old Chinese desk, a possession so familiar that it was only a tool, I looked out the gable window. The scene was familiar, too. A wide space of roofs and green gardens ended within the curve of the vast city wall. This wall rose so high that it seemed to be at the base of Purple Mountain. Actually there were miles between, every foot of which I knew, miles of farming country like the country on which I had grown up, a few hours down the railroad tracks. I valued the view because I had lived for five years in North China, where the land was so flat that only the mirages of spring gave it variety, and where the sandy soil was blown in clouds of storm by the desert winds of the Northeast. I had come and gone over that countryside, too, living almost entirely with the farming people.

When I sat down, as I said, and with leisure, it seemed to me for the first time in my life, and, filled with the profound sense of inner richness that only life deeply lived among many people can give to the spirit, it was inevitable that my first thoughts should go to the people on the land. I had surveyed my memories, from childhood until maturity, and the figures of those people emerged first, above all others, in their simplicity and dignity and good nature. I saw Wang Lung and Olan and their children, their farmhouse home, their struggle to live and to enjoy life. They were the voiceless ones, though they and their kind made four-fifths of all China's people. They were the ones whom I had seen abused by overlords and taxed by governments. They were the ones who were at the mercy of famine and flood, who left their homes and wandered over the barren soil to find food, that they might return again. Nothing could have persuaded them to leave the beloved land except the fear that if they did not they might die and so leave it forever. It was better to go to the rich Southern cities and beg, though to beg sickened their souls, for they were people of independence.



I KNEW many other people of China too. I had already written one rather slight book, "East Wind: West Wind," made out of two long short stories about the old and new ways of marriage in China. Living in the capital, I knew officials high and low, and it was easy to see already the seeds of future corruption and weakness. I knew old scholars and new students, I knew merchants and tradesmen and soldiers. Any and all of these would some day go into books. Yet in books, as in life, they must depend upon the basic people, and these were the people on the land, the solid body of the Chinese people, in which beats the incorruptible heart. Whatever other books would be written—and I knew that having set pen to paper, as I had always known I must and would, books would be written in an endless stream to tell all that I had learned and felt—the next book must be the foundation one about the people of the Chinese earth.

Such people are fundamental not only to China but to all the world. China is an agricultural country, and her foundation people are on the land. It may be that in my own country of America, where machinery is as basic as soil, the industrial worker is as fundamental as the farmer. It may be that he feels as close to the machine as the farmer does to the land. I think about that a

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good deal as I stand beside the machine in some great factory. I see the immense complexity of steel and the little man who controls it. Does he express himself through that machine? Is its product the product of

himself, too, and, if so, is it in the same sense that the farmer creates through the soil? Is it essential that the man own the machine before he can complete the process spiritually or does the mere act of using the machine for production satisfy his soul's need, as well as that of his flesh?

These questions concerning the machine I cannot answer, for to me the machine is still a strange thing, and try as I do try, I cannot yet be convinced that the man is the complete master of it. It gives him no peace, this machine. He must watch it every moment, running now to untangle some mistake it makes, now to feed it oil and water, now to snatch the product away at the moment of perfection, lest it be destroyed by the stupidity of the machine which does not know when it has fulfiled its duty and finished its own creation. There is no time to understand the machine, because it must be continually tended. When at last it stops the man is in exhaustion rather than peace.

It is not thus with the man upon the earth. Though there are hours when he must work intensely to forestall storm and disaster, when he must hasten to sow seed or to harvest ripe grain, yet there are long hours when slowly he cultivates his fields, when he plants and waters and enriches the soil. If he wearies he may stop when he wills, to sleep, to drink, to eat, or even to watch the dawn or sunset and the rising moon. The hours are long but they are filled with peace. He is weary at the end of the day, but not driven. He is his own master, even when the earth fails him and he must flee for a time.

These are the good things of the earth, and the men and women who live on the earth are good people. The evil ones are few, and those who are evil are not the real farming people. They are the ones who evade the earth and live upon the others in some way they have devised. They are the parasites, and they are the despised. They deceive no one but themselves. The good people endure them for a time, since goodness inevitably means patience and mercy. Yet in the end justice and righteousness, which are also attributes of the good, de-

mand that the evil ones be overthrown.

With the knowledge of these good people of the earth in my mind and in my heart the feeling of their hearts, learned through all the years of my life, even from the beginning of my childhood, I began to write my book that February day. There was no plot or plan. Only the man and the woman and their children stood there before me, and it was of them that I began to write, they leading me on from day to day in the familiar paths we knew so well. Though I gave them names, this pair and their children and all the things that happened to them could have been any of hundreds of millions of others like them and living almost exactly the same lives, and this for thousands of years. I thought at the time that I was writing only about Chinese people, since I knew no others. Now, having known others, I see that this pair were not only Chinese—they were human. When the book was written, was printed, and published, and other people began to read it, people who knew nothing about China or the Chinese said that they soon forgot that Wang Lung and Olan were Chinese. They knew them simply as good people who struggled to live life as best they could.

THIS was through no skill of mine, but because the people on the Chinese earth have power in themselves. Long ago they were stripped of falsehood and foolish pride. Life has educated them and time has civilized them. Even poverty and distress, or the corruptions of governments and the tyrannies of war, cannot degrade them. They persist and will persist. A thousand years are a thousand years, and the Chinese people have lived many thousands of years. This present moment, this little hour, this troubled century, cannot destroy the foundations of the past.

Yet in these twenty years much has happened. There has been a world war in which China's part has been longer and more bitter than any. Millions died in Europe, but many millions died in China. Of those who did not die fifty million were compelled to leave their homes and their land to escape destruction. Hundreds of millions more stayed on the land and weathered it through. Now a government has fallen and another is struggling to take its place. It, too, may fall.

For the first time in many years I took the book up again the other day to see whether its life was ended. There was talk of issuing a new edition, but I knew there is no use in making a new edition of a book that has lived out its time. If the old China is gone, if there are no more such men and women as Wang Lung and Olan, if they belong now to history, then let them there be buried. It would not be difficult to decide, for though I have been away from China for more than half of the twenty years, the old ties have held and communication has been constant.

Well, of course the people of China are the same as they have ever been. It was they who survived the war. Millions died, but tens and hundreds of millions lived and do live. They went back to their land again, as Wang Lung did, and like Wang Lung they have built their houses once more and established their families. When the civil war began they maintained themselves, accustomed to the ways of soldiers and bandits alike. The money of Wang Lung's merchant sons bought off retreating armies, for life and property are still the most

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important possessions of the people. They do not die for an idea, these people of China. They live, that they may enjoy life and produce children. It is enough for the wise men of this earth. The people of China remain what they were yesterday, as they are today, and will be forever.

It may be asked what it is that gives to them their indomitable vitality. What is it that in an area far larger than Europe and equally diverse has nourished a people to such sound common sense that they survive every disaster and every war and every government? The answer is perhaps to be found in their age. Vast and various as the Chinese people are, they are more essentially unified by time than any people on earth. Religion and war have not divided them. The Chinese alone have come to the high point of understanding that life is in and of itself the most valuable possession of the human being, and life therefore is to be held in higher estimation than any religion, than any ideology, even than any dream or vision or utopia. When this supreme human wisdom becomes apparent to a people, it then becomes a philosophy. Chinese schools of philosophy are, like the religions more or less mildly professed by the Chinese people, mutually tolerant and inclusive. Without idealism the Chinese realize that among

human creatures quarrels are inevitable and angers must be vented, and this catharsis they allow and even encourage in their daily life. Their ancient theory, eminently sound even by modern standards of psychological knowledge, is that if the natural rebellions and furies of the individual are allowed free expression in childhood, we may expect a rational adult. The Chinese people, generally speaking, are a nation of rational adults. The ancient theory, consistently followed for centuries, has produced the admirable result. Only children early frustrated and repressed find their revenge in later forms, and as Western history proves, most violently and frequently through religion and war. When a man is at peace in himself he seldom can work up enough anger for a major war on any subject.

It is this inner wholesomeness, this basic peace, which has led the Chinese to be peaceable rather than a pacifistic people, for mere pacifism has its violence, too, and may not lead to peace. Upon the peaceable enjoyment of life then the Chinese have founded their civilization, and they have made it shameful to destroy life for any reason whatever, and certainly shameful to make a profession of destruction as the militarist does. The soldier has inevitably had the lowest place in the Chinese scheme.

To this the natural question may be asked, has not China had her measure of militarists? The answer to that is yes, if by militarist we mean the individual warlord, who nevertheless has not had the power of destruction given to the military in Western civilizations. The Chinese are too realistic not to know that there are in any society certain individuals who rebel and who are destructive by their very nature. Conditions cannot be perfect for all individuals, however admirable the system. Moreover, it has always been an accepted part of Chinese theory that the people have the right to rebel at any time, and rebellion therefore is not impossible. Their philosophy has been not so much to destroy rebels and suppress rebellions as to create conditions which do not foster the development of such persons and actions. Considering the length of Chinese history and the vastness of their population for thousands of years, the number of rebellious persons and troublemakers has been astoundingly small, proving that the social system has been good for nearly all the people.

It may be asked, again, does not this peaceable philosophy tend to even off life and make the average the admirable? The answer again is yes, and it may be further said that this is perhaps as it should be in a democracy. The lack of leadership, so-called, in China, which is often severely criticized by Western persons who know no better, is not a sign of weakness in Chinese civilization. It is the desired result and indeed the inevitable result in any nation whose basic and popular democracy has for centuries been successful, and this in spite of governments, old and new, which have often been far from democratic. The Chinese distrust and dislike the leader type, wherever he is found. Nowhere is the golden mean more admired than in the human individual. The man of ambition is instinctively considered by the Chinese as a potential tyrant. History proves them right in this conclusion.

Whether I am right in saying that the Chinese people will continue as they have been may be questioned. The deepest conflict in the world today is not between hostile governments, but between the ancient philosophy

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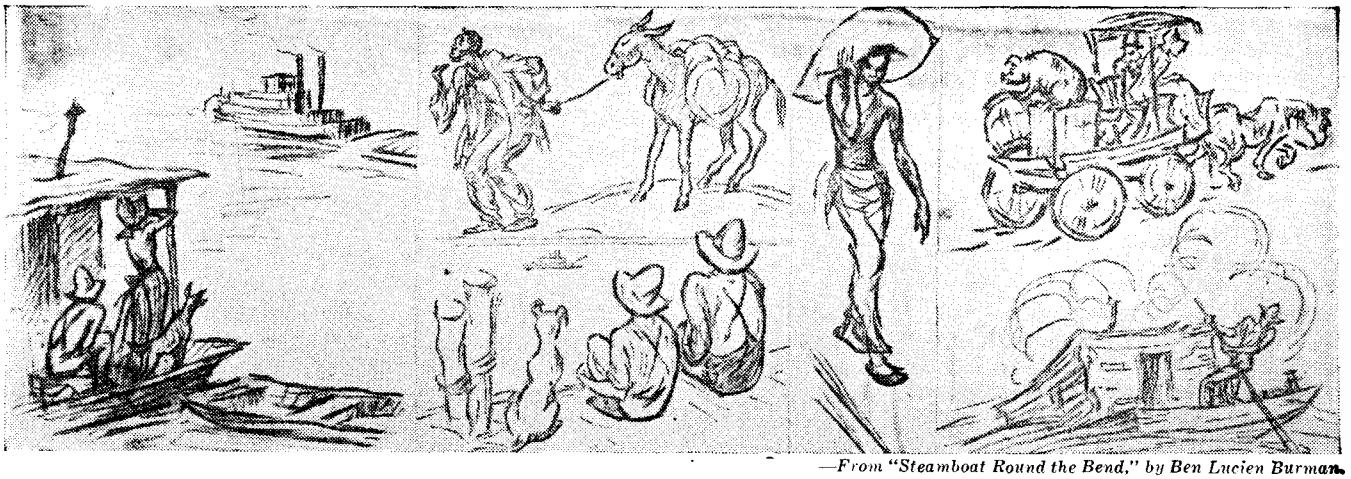

—From "Steamboat Round the Bend," by Ben Lucien Burman.

On Being a Cud-Chewing Animal

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

I WAS on my first visit to New York many years ago, taking a stroll through Central Park, when I witnessed a trifling incident I have never forgotten. A gorgeous bird, flown away from some zoo, happened to alight on a nearby bush, and began to preen its brilliant feathers.

A tough little man, an obvious New Yorker, halted in the path, and looked on entranced. "What do you know?" he said to me. "That's a beautiful bird, ain't it?"

"It's a beautiful bird," I answered.

He continued to stand in rapturous contemplation. I followed his gaze, and my youthful, idealistic soul was filled with delight. All that I had heard was wrong, I told myself. New Yorkers were not slaves of Mammon. Here was a simple, untaught dweller in the city, and yet he gave beauty all its due.

The tough little man made ready to go. "That's a beautiful bird," he repeated. "If a fellow'd catch that bird and sell it, he could sure make plenty of money."

Here lies the first choice of the novelist, doubly important in these days of fierce economic pressures and dazzling financial prizes, temptations to write two books instead of one, and reap the double rewards. Either the author looks upon his work, like the bird, as something from which to extract the maximum of beauty; or he regards it merely as a pleasant means to the ultimate in the material world, the penthouse on Park Avenue. Personally, I think those who enjoy the bird and do not sell it are the wiser —and the happier.

Not that I am protesting against a novelist's making money. The good saints who watch over writers and the Authors League, of which I was long a director, forbid. In my early days on numerous occasions I went hungry in the modern equivalent of a garret. From that memory I know all too well that it is far easier to write artistically when there is some sense of comfort and security than with the fear the landlord may knock at any moment and toss author and typewriter down the stairs in the middle of a chapter. But if a novelist does make money it must be incidental.

It is the accent on commercialism which, I am sure, is one of the basic causes of the deteriorated writing standard of today. The attitude too often is that of a boy I once met as I was riding horseback in the Kentucky mountains. When I asked my young companion what career he planned to follow, he replied after serious reflection: "Well, sometimes I'd like to be a dentist. And sometimes I think I'm going to be a writer. They says them fellows makes a pile of money writing them books and stories. But then when I get to figuring, I guess I'll be an undertaker. Cause people's got to keep on dying, and that way you're always sure of making a living."

This casual approach toward authorship has become a national malady. Though perhaps it is little to be wondered that any young man, gazing at the advertisement for some glittering course in a magazine, believes that by sending off a slight fee he can become an accomplished writer; just as easily as his sister can send off two dollars and give herself a home permanent wave.

What the advertisements forget to mention are the drudgery, the grueling self-discipline, the loneliness of writing. A literary worker, particularly a novelist embarked on a long production, must be a monk who for the time has renounced most of the world's pleasures. He must be prepared to live on a lonely mountain top; when he comes down he must be the man who walks by himself. He must be prepared to say each moment, "Everybody is out of step but me"; he must be ready to tell editors, critics, public they are all crazy.

THE novelist is a curious, cud-chewing animal, unlike the rarest found in any zoo. One moment he must have an ear and skin sensitive as the needle of some super-scientific instrument to record the impulses of his fellows; the next, when others would change or misinterpret his writing, he must possess ears of stone and an elephant's skin.

Perhaps first of all he must have the eyes of the dragonfly, who, I have heard it said, can see in a thousand directions. Without this power to stand watch upon humanity as it goes its way in folly or wisdom, there is nothing. All is without depth, without universality. For the thousand-eyed novelist, the materials of drama are everywhere. But he must not be like the American tourists I have seen so often cruising in state to Casablanca or Algiers, who stop always in the same fashionable hotels and play bridge each night with the

(Continued on page 60)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Catnip for Women

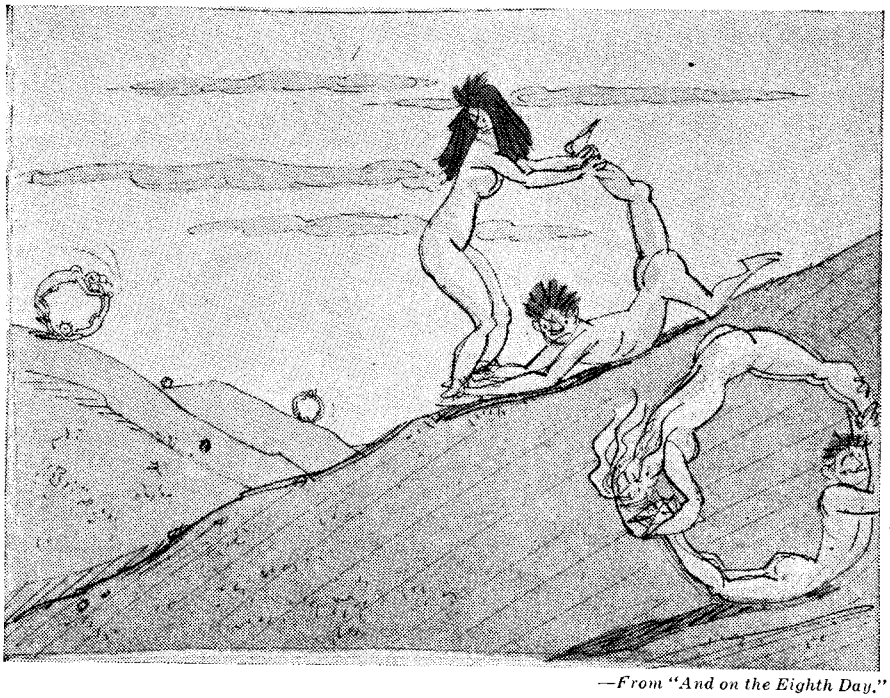
RUDOLPH VALENTINO did not have that good-provider look which, so few years earlier, had been the unique criterion of masculine charm. His peculiar attraction had little to do with the promise of economic security; it produced insecurity in quite another department. Valentino, as H. L. Mencken said, was "catnip for women." His first film, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," made this sensationally obvious. Dark, handsome in an exotic fashion, his sideburns, passionate air, and Latin gallantry, his grace in dancing the tango, his sophisticated way of making love—all these quickened the pulses of innumerable women, and instantaneously set the new standard for masculine sex-appeal. The term itself was coined to account for his prodigious effect, and it indicated how far the revolution in American mores had proceeded. . . .

Always playing romantic roles, Valentino made a series of phenomenally successful pictures. His fan mail broke all records in the industry. Valentino fan clubs sprang up in every city throughout the country. Though harassed husbands discoursed unkindly about the American woman's queer preference for a "lounge-lizard" or "gigolo," this preference soon began to yield results. Barbers reported a growing vogue for sideburns. Manufacturers of hair tonic learned that the demand for good, old-fashioned bay rum had evaporated. A huge business suddenly developed in pomades that would keep men's hair sleek and shiny. Teachers of ballroom dancing were made prosperous by the glamour with which Valentino had invested the tango; connubial pressure added mastery of this complicated footwork to the ordinary hazards confronting the American businessman. In an editorial aggressively titled "Pink Powder Puffs," *The Chicago Tribune* accused Valentino of responsibility for the American male's new, disgraceful habit of applying powder to his face after shaving. Valentino denied the charge, and challenged the anonymous writer of the editorial to a duel; when that unfortunate person refused to disclose his identity, the great star declared that his honor had been satisfied, and the ominous issue was dropped. Meanwhile, in every American community, under the tremendous compulsion of feminine idolatry, young Americans were trying to make themselves over in the image of an image. The drugstore cowboy painfully sought to become a sheik.

Five years after his ascent to fame Rudolph Valentino died in New York City. His body was taken to lie in state at a Broadway "funeral parlor." Publicity representatives of this establishment, and of the dead star, furnished the press liberal assistance in reporting this melancholy item of news. The result was a crowd which stretched for eleven blocks along Broadway. A street riot occurred in which scores of people were injured; mounted police had to charge into the unruly mob. A seemingly endless procession of curious men and grief-stricken women filed past Valentino's bier. He had been heavily in debt when he died. But so unique was his appeal that it forced Hollywood to shatter a precedent. Unreleased pictures that he had made were brought to the screen after his death; they wiped out his debts and produced a six-hundred-thousand-dollar balance to the credit of his estate. The historian Frederick Lewis Allen, reporting Valentino's obsequies as a phenomenon characteristic of American life in the 1920's, recorded the regret of high-minded citizens that the death of Charles William Eliot, president-emeritus of Harvard, which occurred at about the same time as Valentino's, had caused no comparably spectacular lamentations. Yet, in his own way, had not Valentino also civilized and educated the young American male?

Certainly the American woman and the American girl seemed to think he had. Three years after his death a touching and revealing volume was published: "What the Fans Think of Rudy Valentino." One of the tributes, written by a woman in Colfax, Illinois, may have spoken for a large segment of American womanhood. "He thrilled them all, yes, all, I say. The great, the humble, the rich, the poor. His charms brought joy to many a maid, and taught a courteous gallantry to our youths. He filled vain dreams of many wives, and made a lover of many a commonplace man. . . . He created an ideal for men to live up to. He made some better."

—From "Not So Long Ago," by Lloyd Morris (to be published on Oct. 21 by Random House).



—From "And on the Eighth Day."

"This Time It's Going to Work."

Inducing Idiocy

I'VE BEEN A PROFESSOR of psychiatry since 1935 [a fellow prisoner told Mr. Petrov]. I used to work in the Moscow psychiatric clinic. I was especially interested in new methods of curing mental defectives and idiots. I wrote a dissertation on the effect of a man's

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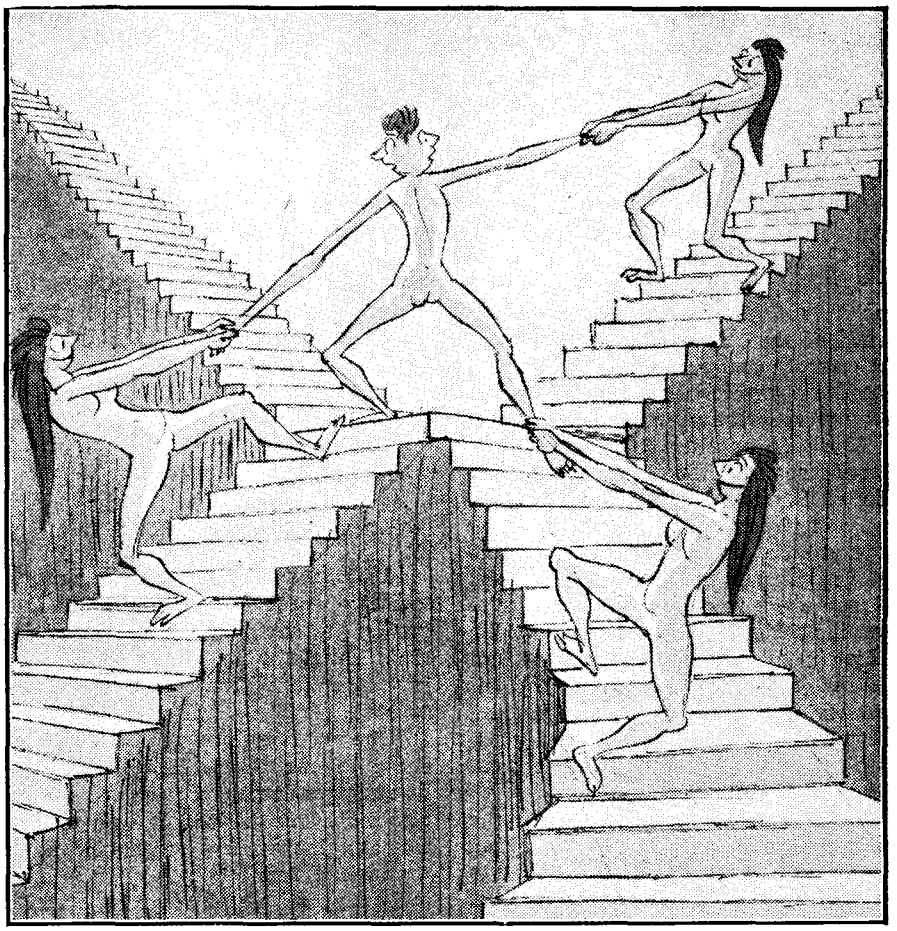
environment on his mental state, in which I worked out a whole series of methods for treating patients. My experiments were successful, and my work attracted attention. And then the NKVD called me. . . . They were interested in finding out by what processes a normal man could be turned into an idiot.

They told me quite clearly that a refusal would be considered a refusal to cooperate with the Soviet regime, counter-revolution. They said that if I refused to work with them they would . . . force me to.

Well, in addition to all that, the problem began to interest me as a scientist. They gave me all the facilities I needed for experiments. I conducted observations on the prisoners in Moscow jails, on the camps near Moscow, and even in the Baltic-White Sea Canal. According to my instructions, the camp administrations made certain changes in the regime of the prisoners. I had broad powers from the NKVD.

It turned out that it's much easier to make a normal man into an idiot than vice versa. Systematic starvation with hard physical labor under the observation of sufficiently unceremonious guards produced brilliant results. You don't even have to beat people up very much. Normally, a couple of years under such conditions are enough for a man's mental capacities to decrease by 50 per cent. Of course, I'm talking about mass operations. In individual cases the results were astounding.

—*From "Soviet Gold: My Life As A Slave Laborer in the Siberian Mines," by Vladimir Petrov (to be published Oct. 24 by Farrar, Straus).*



—*From "And on the Eighth Day," by Abner Dean (Simon & Schuster).*

"I Never Knew a Woman Like You."

Love is Essential

I BELIEVE there are two journeys which every one of us must make: into our own heart, accepting what we find there; and into the world, accepting it as our home.

I believe there are common goals which each of us shares with the rest of the world: to make our earth a place for children to grow; to fight diseases that attack all of us; to create a world government to which every free man can give his loyalty; to rid the earth of hunger and poverty; to make knowledge and men's creation of beauty accessible to all.

I believe that men as human beings must have in common certain values and that these begin with the belief that love is essential to life: functioning as sex, it is necessary not only for procreation of life but for the full health of the human organism; functioning as sympathy, compassion, devotion, willingness to suffer if others can be benefited by it, it gives man his dignity and his grace as a human being. I believe that love is an expanding feeling that reaches out toward others and helps them find more abundant life; and that this expansion, this reaching out to people is necessary for men's health. I believe love gives man his capacity for acceptance of life's experiences, for understanding (which brain alone can never give), his tolerance, his generosity, his strength. This is love, as I see it: an act of the human spirit reaching out in tenderness and concern toward all people.

I think moral values are also concerned with hate—that emotional excretion of human relationships which unless wisely used will destroy men's spirit. I do not believe hate can be "forbidden" any more than one can forbid the human body to excrete its waste products. But once accepted as a natural function, hate can be used as the energy it actually is in all activities that build and create the good, and in those that stamp out evil. . . .

And I believe our heaviest responsibility is to hold firm to a faith that one's belief is worth working for and one's values are worth living.

This is my "world view." Each of us has to make his own. And yet each must be made in terms of all.

—*From "Killers of the Dream," by Lillian Smith (to be published Oct. 24 by Norton).*

Ears for FDR

THE FEW books that have already been written about Franklin show quite plainly that everyone writes from his own point of view, and that a man like my husband, who was particularly susceptible to people, took color from whomever he was with, giving to each one something different of himself. Because he disliked being disagreeable, he made an effort to give each person who came in contact with him the feeling that he understood what his particular interest was. . . . .

Often people have told me that they were misled by Franklin. Even when they have not said it in so many words, I have sometimes felt that he left them, after an interview, with the idea that he was in entire agreement with them. I would know quite well, however, that he was not and that they would be very much surprised when later his actions were in com-

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plete contradiction to what they thought his attitude would be.

This misunderstanding not only arose from his dislike of being disagreeable, but from the interest that he always had in somebody else's point of view and his willingness to listen to it. If he thought it was well expressed and clear, he nodded his head and frequently said, "I see," or something of the sort. This did not mean that he was convinced of the truth of the arguments, or even that he entirely understood them, but only that he appreciated the way in which they were presented.

There is another fact which few people realize: the President of the United States. . . must have a general outlook which takes in over-all considerations; whereas other people think primarily about their own ideas, plans, and responsibilities for the specific thing they hope to accomplish. This circumstance puts on a President the responsibility of gathering all possible points of view, of hearing very often conflicting ideas on a given subject, and of then making a final decision. . . .

Franklin often used me to get the reflection of other people's thinking because he knew I made it a point to see and talk with a variety of people. I did not need to go on lecture trips, or go to inspect projects in different parts of the country, but my husband knew that I would not be satisfied to be merely an official hostess. He often suggested that I interest myself in certain things, such as the homestead projects. He knew that life would be very uninteresting to me if I did not feel I was accomplishing something....

Naturally these lecture trips gave me more money for things I wanted to do than my husband could afford to give me. At the same time, I felt that Franklin used whatever I brought back to him in the way of observations and information as a check against the many official reports which he received.

—From "This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt (to be published October 19 by Harper).

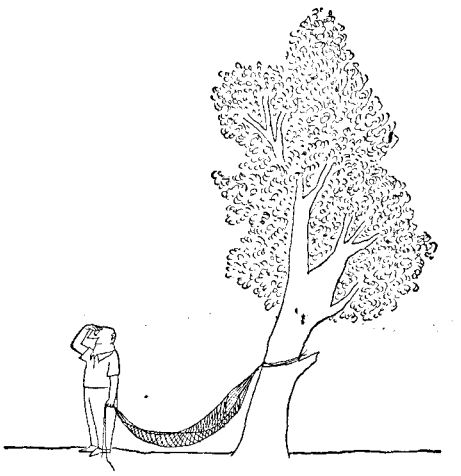
—From "Please Pass the Hostess," by Whitney Darrow, Jr. (to be published Oct. 21 by Random).

A Private & A General

A CHARMING VIGNETTE of a private soldier's contact with General Lee during the campaign in Western Virginia is given by Sam Watkins, a private in the First Tennessee Regiment:

"One evening General Robert E. Lee came to our camp. He was a fine-looking gentleman, and wore a moustache. He was dressed in blue cottonade and looked like some nice boy's grandpa. I felt like going up to him and saying, 'Good evening, Uncle Bob.' I am not certain at this late date that I did not do so. I remember going up mighty close and sitting there and listening to his conversation with the officers of our regiment. He had a calm and collected air about him, his voice was kind and tender, and his eye was as gentle as a dove's. His whole make-up of form and person, looks and manner, had a kind of gentle and soothing magnetism about it that drew every one to him and made them love, respect, and honor him. I fell in love with the old gentleman and felt like going home with him. I know I have never seen a finer looking man, nor one with more kind and gentle features and manners. His horse was standing nipping the grass, and when I saw that he was getting ready to start, I ran and caught his horse and led him up to him. He took the reins of the bridle in his hand and said, 'Thank you, my son,' rode off, and my heart went with him. There was none of his staff with him; he had no sword or pistol or anything to show his rank. The only thing that I remember he had was an opera-glass hung over his shoulder by a strap."

—From "The Robert E. Lee Reader," edited by Stanley F. Horn (to be published Oct. 21 by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)



—From "The Art of Living," by Steinberg.

Will Rogerism

BEVERLY HILLS, California, February 7, 1928:

America and France signed a treaty that they wouldn't fight each other. Now, if we could just sign one with some nation that there is a chance of having war with, why it would mean something.

BEVERLY HILLS, July 17:

This thing of being a hero, about the main thing to do is to know when to die. Prolonged life has ruined more men than it ever made.

LOS ANGELES, July 6, 1929:

Today I read where a speech that Franklin D. Roosevelt had made just about threw him in the ring as the next Democratic candidate.

Now there is a fine man. The Democratic Party has some of the finest men as candidates that we have in this country and it's almost a shame that they are to be eternally handicapped by being "right but never President."

BEVERLY HILLS, December 22:

You can't say civilization don't advance, however, for in every war they kill you a new way.

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LOS ANGELES: November 2, 1930:

Come pretty near having two holidays of equal importance in the same week, Halloween and Election, and of the two election provides us the most fun. On Halloween they put pumpkins on their heads, and on Election they don't have to.

BEVERLY HILLS, November 25:

Russia is a country that is burying their troubles. Your criticism is your epitaph. You simply say your say and then you are through.

BEVERLY HILLS, November 26:

We are the first nation to starve to death in a storehouse that's overfilled with everything we want.

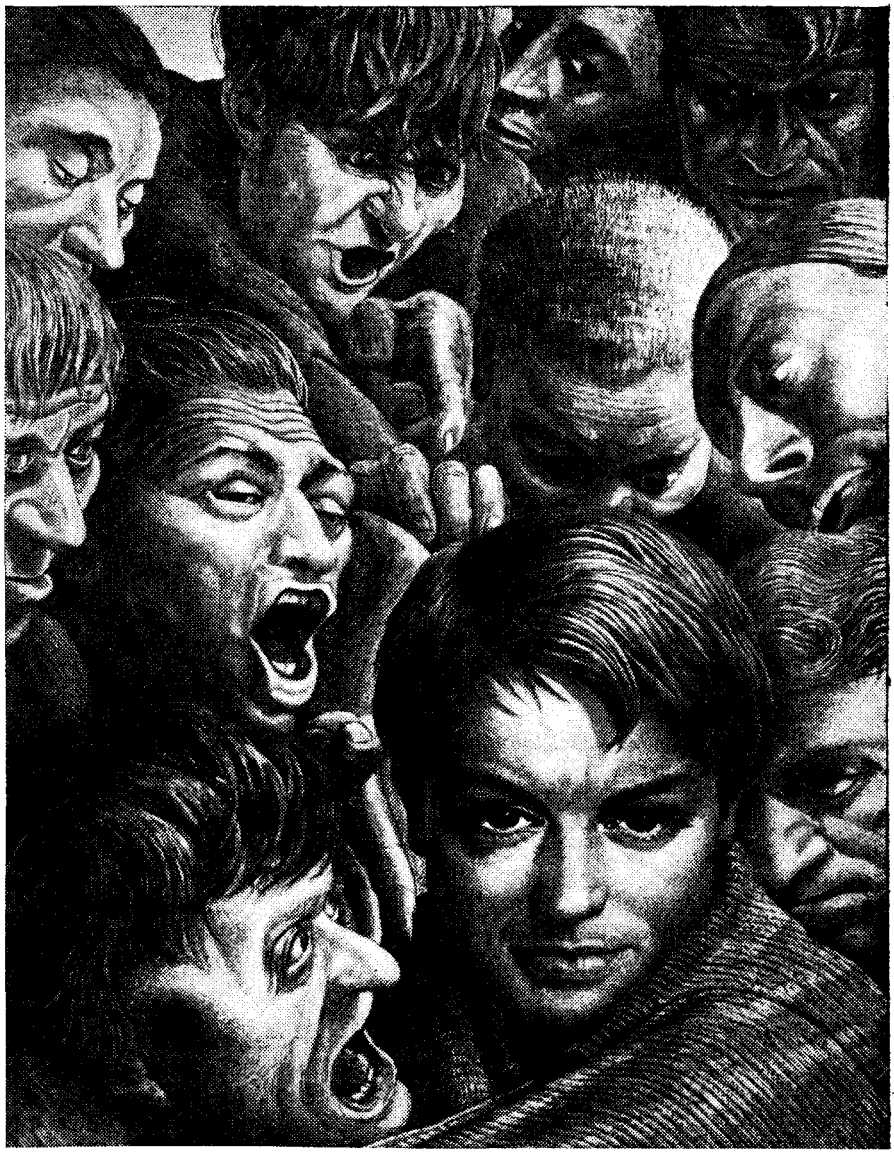
—*From "The Autobiography of Will Rogers," selected and edited by Donald Day (published on Oct. 3 by Houghton Mifflin).*

150 a Year & Go to the Devil

ONCE A LADY who had a son of a literary bent asked me what training I should advise if he was to become a writer; and I, judging by the inquirer that she would pay little attention to my answer, replied: "Give him a hundred and fifty a year for five years and tell him to go to the devil."

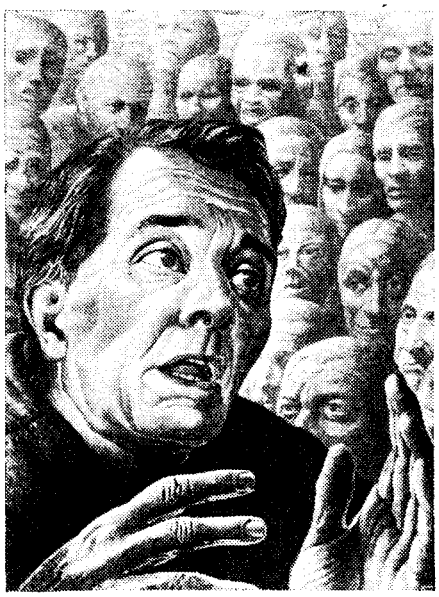
I have thought of it since and it seems to me it was better advice than I imagined. On such an income a young man will not starve, but it is small enough for him to enjoy little comfort; and comfort is the writer's bitterest foe. On such an income he can travel all over the world under conditions which will enable him to see life in aspects more varied and multi-colored than a man in more affluent circumstances is ever likely to happen upon. On such an income he will be often penniless and so constrained to many pleasant shifts to earn his board and lodging. He will have to try his hand at a variety of callings. Though very good writers have led narrow lives they have written well in spite of their circumstances rather than on account of them; many old maids who spent much of the year at Bath have written novels, but there is only one Jane Austen. A writer does well to place himself in such conditions that he may experience as many as possible of the vicissitudes which occur to men. He need do nothing very much, but he should do everything a little.

I would have him be in turns tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor; I would have him love and lose, go hungry and get drunk, play poker with rough-necks in San Francisco, bet with racing touts at Newmarket, philander with duch-

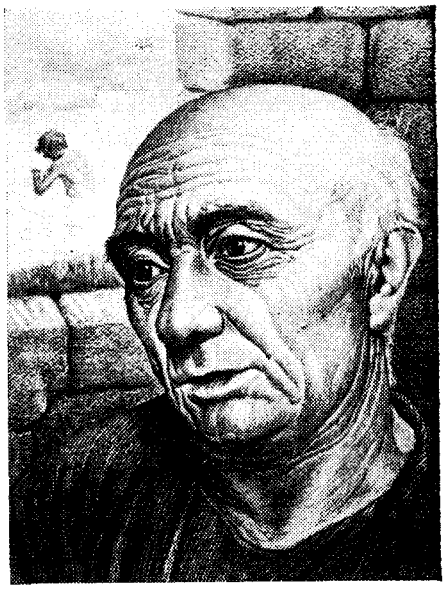


—*Illustrations by Guy Rowe from "In Our Image" (copyright by Oxford University Press, 1949).*

"Joseph and His Brethren"—Joseph's coat of many colors and his prophetic dream aggravate his brothers, who resent the favorite son. The artist has arranged the heads to suggest the stones of the pit into which Joseph is thrown.



"Amos," inspired prophet of social justice, forecaster of doom, against a wall of uncomprehending faces.



"Elisha," inheritor of Elijah's mantle and miracle worker, with the Syrian leper Naaman bathing in Jordan.

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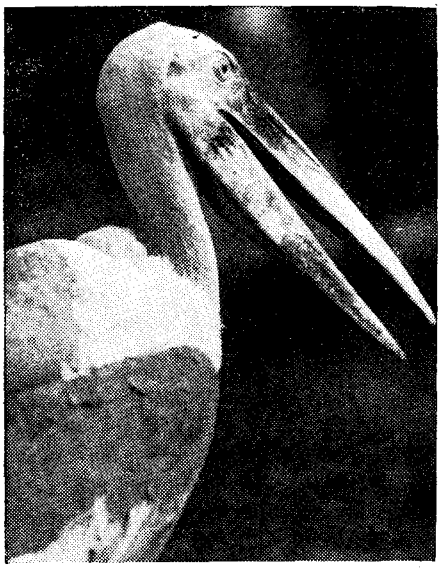


—*From "White Collar Zoo."*

"How Come *He* Rates a Winter Vacation?"

esses in Paris and argue with philosophers in Bonn, ride with bullfighters in Seville, and swim with Kanakas in the South Seas. No man is not worth the writer's knowing: every occurrence is grist to his mill. Oh, to have the gift, to be twenty-three, to have five years before one, and a hundred and fifty a year.

—*From "A Writer's Notebook," by W. Somerset Maugham (to be published Oct. 20 by Doubleday & Co).*

A Blusterer & A Wounded Doe

ALTHOUGH POP'S restless ways caused my mother to lead a rather hard life at times, I remember being impressed at a very early age with his devotion to her. She was inclined to be indulgent with Sid and me, and she paid the inevitable price: while we knew we could put things over on her, we took her more or less for granted and weren't as considerate in many ways as we might have been. Pop constantly reminded us of our duties to her, without too much success.

She and Pop tried hard to conceal their routine quarrels from Sid and me, but kids know about those things. Pop was a blusterer; mother was the wounded doe type. Her eyes would get large and stricken, she would become very quiet, and yet under it all she had an immense stubbornness. Her favorite technique was to start a long walk, generally in the direction of Alamogordo, when she was mad at Pop. She'd strike off down the road, knowing she presented a pitiful and lonely little figure. Pop would glare after her for a while, then we could tell his imagination was going to work: A tourist, roaring drunkenly down from Cloudcroft, was going to flatten her with his automobile, or maybe she was going to fall down a mountainside and break her leg. Pop would jump into whatever vehicle was handy at the moment and go retrieve her, as she always knew he would. Occasionally he would delay a little too long (once she almost got to La Luz); then she would have forgotten her original mad and have become furious all over again because he'd let her walk so far.

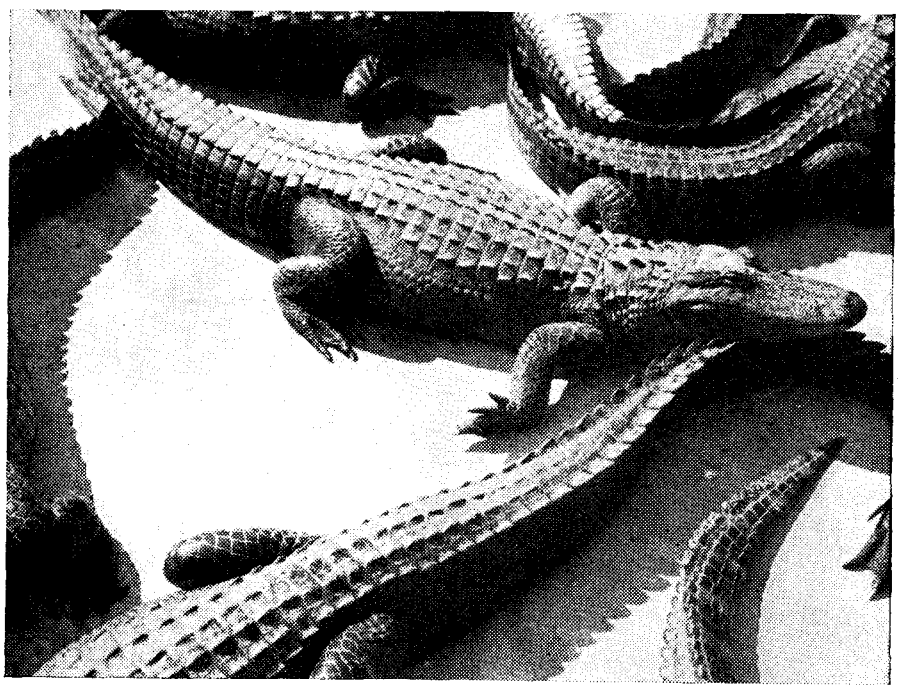
I remember that trick of hers was a regular source of embarrassment to Sid and me. Other parents slugged it out with monkey-wrenches and kerosene lamps in the privacy of their homes; people always knew when my folks had been at it, because they'd see our mother walking sadly down the pike.

—*From "A Sort of a Saga," by Bill Mauldin (to be published Oct. 17 by Sloane).*

"You're Mediocre"

WHEN I WAS twenty-three, in the confused Twenties, I had the notion that it was my duty to read the best thinking in the best books, to assimilate these thoughts, to come to a conclusion, and to apply that conclusion to whatever was worrying me. I was worried about the following things: Should I live a free and easy Jazz-Age life or a strictly moral Emersonian existence? Should I consecrate myself austerely to a writing career or, being married, should I try to earn an ample living? Should I do neither, but give myself to the best interests of society? There were two powerful intellectual forces in my life. One was H. L. Mencken, who stood for having fun. The other was Stuart P. Sherman, head of the English Department at this university [Illinois], a distinguished critic, a wonderful man, who stood eloquently, lucidly, and gaily for the consecrated life. I had an agonized few years, cogitating these two men and their source material, trying to decide what to do with my life, getting nowhere. One day I came to my first honest discovery—that I couldn't think and had better stop trying. That I couldn't plan my life. With the greatest of relief, I decided that from then on I would do from day to day whatever seemed necessary, without any further conscious references to a larger framework. Life became very simple; I was writing short stories which, though I sold them, were bad. I hated writing. I preferred being able to pay my bills. So I went into advertising, which was easy, and made money, which was pleasant. That was a very happy period. I looked in the mirror and said, with a profound sigh of relief, "You're mediocre." I was the only one in my group who was mediocre. Everyone else was a genius or about to be one. It was wonderful to read another man's book and enjoy it without self-comparison. I was the only man among my friends who could admit without pain that he wasn't as good as Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, Scott Fitzgerald. I had the happiest years of my life.

—*From "The Human Nature of Playwriting," by Samson Raphaelson (to be published Oct. 18 by Macmillan).*



—*From "White Collar Zoo" (Doubleday).*

"Office Politics."

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Current Books Worth Reading

The Nation's Critics Vote

THE fall publishing season offers a large number of books deserving the attention of discriminating readers, including at least nine that merit particular notice. This is the conclusion one is apt to reach after scanning the lists of "current books worth reading" drawn up expressly for *SRL* by the literary editors of the nation's leading newspapers and book trade journals.

Responses were received from twenty-two newspaper critics, representing publications in every section of the country, each submitting the titles of five works of fiction and five general works. For this fall's survey *SRL* also asked five men and women whose business it is to watch the literary scene for book trade publications—the *Book News*, the *Canadian Bookseller*, the Kirkus Bookshop Service, the *Library Journal*, and the *Publishers' Weekly*—to make nominations. As was true of the lists submitted for the spring and summer seasons, a wide variety of titles was named: seventy-four general books and sixty works of fiction:

The most frequently named general works are:

"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher—nine votes.
"The Mature Mind," by Harry A. Overstreet—eight votes.
"The Vital Center," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.—six votes.

The most frequently named fiction works are:

"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari—eleven votes.
"Mary," by Sholem Asch—ten votes.
"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson—eight votes.
"The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters—seven votes.
"The Primitive," by Feike Feikema—six votes.
"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty—five votes.

The complete lists follow:

J. F. Rothermel
Birmingham News Age Herald

General

"Southern Politics," edited by V. O. Key (Knopf).
"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet (Norton).
"The Vital Center," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin).
"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher (Oxford).
"Father Flanagan of Boys Town," by Fulton and Will Oursler (Doubleday).

Fiction

"Mary," by Sholem Asch (Putnam's).
"The River Line," by Charles Morgan (Macmillan).
"The Primitive," by Feike Feikema (Doubleday).
"The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters (Farrar, Straus).
"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson (Little, Brown).

Carleen Gormsen
Book News

General

"The Waters of Siloe," by Thomas Merton (Harcourt, Brace).
"White Collar Zoo," edited by Clare Barnes, Jr. (Doubleday).
"Life Among the Doctors," by Paul De Kruif (Harcourt, Brace).
"The Man from Nazareth," by Harry Emerson Fosdick (Harper).
"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet.

Fiction

"Mary," by Sholem Asch.
"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari (Putnam's).
"A Rage to Live," by John O'Hara (Random).
"The Man with the Golden Arm," by Nelson Algren (Doubleday).
"One on the House," by Mary Laswell (Houghton Mifflin).

Alice Dixon Bond
Boston Herald

General

"Women Are Here to Stay," by Agnes Rogers (Harper).
"The Thread That Runs So True," by Jesse Stuart (Scribner's).
"Global Mission," by General H. H. Arnold (Harper).
"Maupassant," by Francis Steegmuller (Knopf).
"No Banners, No Bugles," by Edward Ellsberg (Dodd, Mead).

Fiction

"Mary," by Sholem Asch.
"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"The Passionate Journey," by Irving Stone (Doubleday).
"Signature of Time," by Walter Havighurst (Macmillan).
"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson.

Robert R. Robinson
Canadian Bookseller

General

"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet.
"In Our Image," edited by Houston Harte (Oxford).
"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher.
"The Universe of G. B. S.," by William Irvine (to be published Nov. 3 by Whittlesey House).

Fiction

"Brief Gaudy Hour," by Margaret. C. Barnes (Macrae Smith).
"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"Call It Treason," by George Howe (Viking).
"Mary," by Sholem Asch.

Frederick Babcock
Chicago Tribune

General

"Lincoln Collector," by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace).
"Killers of the Dream," by Lillian Smith (Norton).
"No Banners, No Bugles," by Edward Ellsberg.
"Why Jesus Died," by Pierre van Paassen (Dial).
"The Trying-Out of Moby-Dick," by Howard P. Vincent (Houghton Mifflin).

Fiction

"Mary," by Sholem Asch.
"The Man with the Golden Arm," by Nelson Algren.

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"Signature of Time," by Walter Havighurst.
"The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters.
"The Lonely," by Paul Gallico (Knopf).

EMMETT DEDMON
Chicago Sun Times

General

"The Vital Center," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
"John L. Lewis," by Saul Alinsky (to be published in Nov. by Putnam's).
"Roosevelt and the Russians," by Edward R. Stettinius, edited by Walter Johnson (to be published Nov. 3 by Doubleday).
"Stalin," by Isaac Deutscher.
"F. D. R.—My Boss," by Grace Tully (Scribner's).

Fiction

"The Man with the Golden Arm," by Nelson Algren.
"The Witness," by Jean Bloch Michel (Pantheon).
"Nineteen Eighty-Four," by George Orwell (Harcourt, Brace).
"The Sure Thing," by Merle Miller (Sloane).
"The Big Wheel," by John Brooks (Harper).

WILLIAM COLLINS
Cincinnati Enquirer

General

"The Case of General Yamashita," by A. Frank Reel (Chicago).
"The Jungle Is Neutral," by F. Spencer Chapman (Norton).
"The Aspirin Age," edited by Isabel Leighton (Simon & Schuster).
"My Old Kentucky Home," by Elliot Paul (Random).
"Again the Goose Step," by Delbert Clark (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters.
"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson.
"Call It Treason," by George Howe.
"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"Many Dimensions," by Charles Williams (Pellegrini).

ERNEST CADY
Columbus Dispatcher

General

"Lydia Pinkham Is Her Name," by Jean Burton (Farrar, Straus).
"Lost Peace in China," by George Moorad (Dutton).
"The Hours and the Ages," by Edward Nicholas (Sloane).
"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher.
"A Writer's Notebook," by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday).

Fiction

"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"The Edge of Doom," by Leo Brady (Dutton).
"Playtime Is Over," by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott).
"Signature of Time," by Walter Havighurst.
"The Primitive," by Feike Feikema.

LON TINKLE
Dallas Morning News

General

"John Quincy Adams," by Samuel F. Bemis (Knopf).
"Lead, Kindly Light," by Vincent Sheean (Random).
"A Writer's Notebook," by W. Somerset Maugham.
"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet.
"Sweden: Model for a World," by Hudson Strode (to be published Oct. 13 by Harcourt, Brace).

Fiction

"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty (Harcourt, Brace).
"The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters.
"A Rage to Live," by John O'Hara.
"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea (Little, Brown).
"The Sure Thing," by Merle Miller.

CLYDE BECK
The Detroit News

General

"The Vital Center," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
"The Hours and the Ages," by Edward Nicholas.
"The Twentieth Century," by Hans Kohn (Macmillan).
"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet.
"Chips off the Old Benchley," by Robert Benchley (Harper).

Fiction

"The River Line," by Charles Morgan.
"The River Journey," by Robert Nathan (Knopf).
"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"The Lily and the Leopards," by Alice Harwood (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Sure Thing," by Merle Miller.

WILL VANCE
The Hartford Courant

General

"The Man from Nazareth," by Harry Emerson Fosdick.
"Again the Goose Step," by Delbert Clark.
"To Meet Will Shakespeare," by Frank Ernest Hill (Dodd, Mead).
"The Blue Field," by John Moore (Whittlesey).
"An Acre in the Seed," by Theodore Spencer (Harvard).

Fiction

"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson.
"Mary," by Sholem Asch.
"Magister Ludi," by Hermann Hesse (Holt).
"The Mudlark," by Theodore Bonnet (Doubleday).

VIRGINIA KIRKUS
Virginia Kirkus Bookshop Service

General

"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt (to be published Oct. 19 by Harper).
"Killer of the Dream," by Lillian Smith.
"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher.
"The State of Europe," by Howard K. Smith (to be published Nov. 1 by Knopf).
"The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp (to be published by Little, Brown).

Fiction

"Mary," by Sholem Asch.
"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty.
"Call It Treason," by George Howe.
"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson.
"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.

MARGARET ELIASON
Library Journal

General

"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher.
"The Last Optimist," by Julio Alvaraz Del Vayo (Viking).
"Sweden: Model for a World," by Hudson Strode.
"This I Saw: The Life and Times of Goya," by Antonina Vallentin (Random).

Fiction

"To Every Man a Penny," by Bruce Marshall (to be published Oct. 13 by Houghton Mifflin).

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"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary (to be published in Nov. by Harper).
"Flames of Empire," by Peter Bourne (Putnam's).
"The Storm and the Silence," by David Walker (to be published Oct. 25 by Houghton Mifflin).

PAUL JORDON-SMITH
Los Angeles Times

General

"Philosophy of Civilization," by Albert Schweitzer (Macmillan).
"Guests of the Kremlin," by Robert G. Emmens (Macmillan).
"The Thread That Runs So True," by Jesse Stuart.
"The Trying-Out of Moby-Dick," by Howard Vincent.
"No Banner, No Bugles," by Edward Ellsberg.

Fiction

"Eight April Days," by Scott Hart.
"The Primitive," by Feike Feikema.
"The River Line," by Charles Morgan.

AUGUST DERLETH
Madison (Wis.) Capital Times

General

"Quintessence of G. B. S.," by Stephen Winsten (Creative Age).
"A Writer's Notebook," by W. Somerset Maugham.
"Best of W. H. Hudson," edited by Odell Shepard (to be published Oct. 31 by Dutton).
"American Heartwood," by Donald Culross Peattie (to be published Oct. 14 by Houghton Mifflin).
"The Thread That Runs So True," by Jesse Stuart.

Fiction

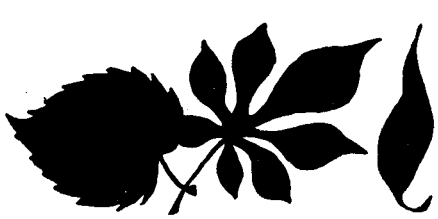
"Loving," by Henry Green (Viking).
"Knight's Gambit," William Faulkner (to be published Nov. 7 by Random).
"As a Man Grows Older," by Italo Svevo (New Directions).
"Story: The Fiction of the Forties," edited by Whit Burnett (to be published Nov. 21 by Dutton).
"O. Henry Prize Stories of 1949," edited by Herschel Brickell (to be published Oct. 13 by Doubleday).

H. RUSSELL AUSTIN
Milwaukee Journal

General

"The Vital Center," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

(*Continued on page 47*)



Fiction. *The present revival of and public interest in religious novels is encouraging at a time when so many writers seem to be convinced that humanity is burning in a hell of its own invention. Sholem Asch is one of the few writers of this generation who has succeeded in presenting the birth, the life, and the death of Christ in a manner that is emotionally, intellectually, and artistically satisfying. His great trilogy, now completed with the publication of "Mary," may be ranked with the most inspired interpretations of the ageless Biblical drama, and it is not at all remarkable that it should come from the pen of a great Jewish writer. ... Three other novels reviewed this week deserve the reader's attention. A. B. Guthrie's "The Way West," the story of emigrants on the Oregon Trail, is even better than "The Big Sky," its successful predecessor. "The Hero," by Millard Lampell, is a savage and well-documented attack on commercial sports in college. Louis Golding's "Honey for the Ghost" is an eerie and well-told story of witchcraft in Scotland today.*

Mother of Christ

MARY. By Sholem Asch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 436 *pp.* $3.50.

By EDMUND FULLER

WITH "Mary," Sholem Asch adds the third panel to his extra-Biblical extension of the Christian drama. It stands in an interesting relation to the two fine novels that have preceded it. For it seems to me that "The Apostle," and now "Mary," have each marked a perceptible deepening of the sense of mystical celebration of his theme. "The Nazarene" had a cryptic quality, emphasized probably by the elaborate narrative devices employed in it. This was gone in "The Apostle," giving way to affirmation. Now, in this last work, the mystic, the ecstatic are uppermost.

In some aspects, "Mary" could be called the best of the three as a work of art. It is altogether free of the cumbersome framework burdening "The Nazarene"; it has a greater unity than the massive novelizing of The Acts of the Apostles. I have a feeling that there is a more lyrical quality in the style, but judgment of this is complicated by the fact that with this volume Leo Steinberg succeeds Maurice Samuel as translator.

Telling the story of the mother of Jesus is a perilous enterprise because of the many pitfalls of sentimentality or sectarian overtones for the author to fall into. Asch avoids these almost —if not quite—entirely. The basic story-telling obligations of the undertaking lead him, at times, to assign a degree of crucial importance to Mary's role in her Divine Son's mission exceeding that which many readers of the New Testament would grant. But this portrayal of Miriam—as he calls her—is perceptive and tender and rich in intuitive insights into the heart of the devout young girl who finds herself marked for the glorious but terrifying role of which every Jewish girl dreamed—that of bearing the Messiah.

The details of the Annunciation, the complications of the betrothal to Joseph, the birth, and the key episodes in the youth of Jesus are adapted directly and literally from the New Testament—largely from Luke—in their full miraculous aspect.

Along with this a rich fabric of folklore is introduced concerning the efforts of the powers of darkness and evil to prevent the birth of the Redeemer. Mary is assailed by occult manifestations and possesses supernatural discriminations among the qualities of foods and plants, being able to discern by odor the foul in the midst of the apparent sweet and the wholesome in the supposed rank.

A distinctive element in the book is its detailed account of the childhood and boyhood of Jesus, scarcely touched upon in the gospels. We are given a fine picture of the first subtle intimations of a mission, of attributes which set this child apart from his parents, his brothers, his fellow Nazarenes. These qualities engender love, but also resentments. A few perceive the man to come; many foretell, gloomily, a headstrong course that can come to no good end, to find the vindication of their predictions in his later career.

To young Jesus are given a few advance miracles, his first scarcely conscious tapping of the mighty powers with which he is armed. His radiant

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nature draws to him a following of children. Even a few adults, willing to perceive, detect the living miracle among them. One such, the gentle and pious Taddi, the foul-smelling tanner, becomes a kind of thirteenth disciple even before the Baptist, in the Wilderness, has sounded the cry for the proclaiming of the mission.

The village of Nazareth does not find it easy to forget the unconventional chronology of the child's conception. Virgin birth is not lightly claimed and upon Joseph falls the onus of "one who eats his grapes before they are ripe." The saintly Joseph bears this, and the other problems of his strange parenthood, with a courageous and compassionate spirit. He is movingly characterized and we feel the loss when he is gathered up, saying: "Take back, Father in heaven, into Thy hands the pledge Thou gavest me to keep."

The complex problem of being brother to a budding Messiah is well observed with all four of the sons of Joseph and Mary, but particularly with the passionately pious Jacob (James in the New Testament).

In spite of the design centered upon Mary, in spite of the anguish of the mother as she must watch unresistingly the agonizing fulfilment of what has been written, the story escapes her. Inevitably, with his emerging self-realization, the figure of Jesus captures and dominates the book.

However great the changes in stress, and in selection of detail, there is a certain amount of repetition from "The Nazarene." Enough, in fact, to suggest what Asch might vehemently reject, the desire to restate and reexamine elements in the former book free of any cryptic reservations it may have contained. In any event, he tells a part of his chosen story twice.

In the last few years one aspect or another of the Christian story has been novelized by many authors. This has resulted in such things as the appalling title "Antioch Actress"; in an ingenious story about the woman of Samaria; and in the works which Dr. Lloyd Douglas writes for his large following. Sholem Asch towers over these. His finished trilogy is an epic work in the grand tradition, intellectually, spiritually, and in literary stature. Among Biblical re-creations only Thomas Mann's is its equal, with Gladys Schmitt's "David the King" deserving honorable mention.

By contrast with the nearly foolproof elements in the drama of Jesus, "The Apostle" is the grandest in scale, the most difficult, probably the most notable achievement of Asch's trilogy. "Mary," however, in its simplicity and tenderness, is likely to move its readers the most deeply.

THE AUTHOR: In the early 1880's in the little Polish town Kutno, Sholem Asch, the fifteenth child of a Jewish cattle and sheep dealer, as customary with a lad of scholarly bent, was enjoined to become a rabbi. From early morning until late evening he was kept at *cheder*, the Hebrew school, studying the dry canonical law of the Talmud. "I was not allowed much time to read the Bible," he muses. "Nor was I permitted to occupy myself very often with the Hagadah, that part of Jewish writings which expounds the law through parables and tales. . . . That was regarded as pastime." The happiest time for the devout little boy was the Sabbath, which, with its benediction of lighted candles and bright silver, seemed "not as a day of temporal life, but as one of the days which awaited us in the next world. . . . When I saw the gentile 'Strusch' [porter] sweep the yard while we sat at the dazzling white-covered table, I broke into copious tears because God had created such luckless people as the *goyim*."

Before long, however, he discovered that in an environment of dual religious fanaticism there was more than one definition for lucklessness. And during the Feast of Corpus Christi the habitual taunts and torments of the peasantry would reach an inflamed crescendo of violence. "On one of these occasions, peeping out from under my mother's bed and looking through a crack in the shades, I saw what appeared to be a figure of a Jewish rabbi with a beard and wearing a Hebrew inscription on his head. From an open wound in his naked body, streams of blood seemed to be pouring down. I started to cry and called out, 'Mother, the gentiles have killed another Jew!' Actually, it was a life-size figure of Christ on the crucifix. This impression has always remained with me. In my mind and spirit, I have never separated Christ from the Jewish people. On the contrary, I have always considered, from my earliest youth, that Christ is the everlasting sufferer for the sins which are committed by all of us."

In 1906, with "The Little Village" and three plays to his credit, Asch went to Palestine. "Walking through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, climbing on her hills and walls, I saw in my imagination the things that happened in this holy city, which became a cornerstone of our modern civilization. Since that time I have never thought of Judaism or Christianity separately. For me it is one culture and one civilization, on which all our peace, our security, and our freedom are dependent." Returning to Warsaw the next year, he began a life of Christ, but, fortunately, soon realized his unpreparedness and laid the work aside. Thus began three decades' research, which took him again and again to the Holy Land and resulted in the trilogy "The Nazarene," "The Apostle," and "Mary."

Asch came to the U. S. in 1910, became an American citizen, and wrote several plays and novels of Jewish American life, among which were "The Mother," his first marked international success. Max Reinhardt produced his "God of Vengeance," Maurice Schwartz his famous "Three Cities." There were other books: "Children of Abraham," "Mottke the Thief," "The War Goes On," "In the Beginning," "What I Believe," "Song of the Valley." "Salvation," the story of the Chasidim sect in Poland, is, some believe, his best work.

He has four children—Nathan, a novelist; Moe, who records ethnological music; John, a botanist and writer, and Ruth, who is married and lives in England. Now sixty-nine, and happier physically living in Florida, Sholem Asch has withal lost none of his characteristic zest. On the tip of his old-fashioned penholder are four or five new novels, which, as always, will be translated into English from the original Yiddish—a language he has made vastly more flexible.

Despite his seeming preoccupation with Christianity, Asch has with the years become an increasingly pious Jew. "I have never considered deserting the faith of my fathers," he says, "and I never intend to do so. My books have made enemies for me in some quarters, but I have shown how deeply rooted Christianity is in Jewish history and Jewish religion. And my intention has been to demonstrate the interdependence of the two faiths, in the hope that mutual understanding may lead to a better world."

—R. G.

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Emigrants on the Oregon Trail

THE WAY WEST. By A. B. Guthrie, Jr. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 340 pp. $3.50.

By WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

A. B. GUTHRIE, Jr.'s first novel, "The Big Sky," came out in 1947. It was a convincing and poetic study of the mountain-man of the 1830's, both singly, in one Boone Caudill, and as a unique historical species. It was widely praised for many reasons, but most often and importantly as a singular imaginative feat.

Now, only two short years later, comes Mr. Guthrie's second tale, "The Way West," describing the passage of a single, small emigrant train over the Oregon Trail in the middle months of 1847. Crossing the same regions, and only a decade later, it draws heavily upon the materials that made "The Big Sky." It is even, moreover, a kind of sequel to "The Big Sky," not only because the settlers came after the mountain-men, but also because it presents the mountain-man in his last phase of guide to the settlers, and does so in the person of Dick Summers, who was Boone Caudill's first model in "The Big Sky." Such close relationship is threat enough alone to the vitality of an imagination, but Mr. Guthrie has ventured against another as great, for while "The Big Sky" afforded him an almost virgin territory, the Oregon Trail has been worn pretty deep by earlier travelers, from Parkman on. In short, Mr. Guthrie could hardly have set a stiffer test for his all-important imagination.

The big thing is said, then, for both his present achievement and the durability of his powers, when we say not only that "The Way West" is no jaded follow-up, but that it is even, in both conception and manner, a better book than "The Big Sky," and at the same time as different from "The Big Sky" as if it had arisen from quite other sources or after a much longer interval.

In "The Big Sky" Mr. Guthrie gave shape to a tale heavy with important but little-related incident, by sticking so closely to Boone Caudill as to secure nearly the selective continuity of the first-person view. In "The Way West" his structural problem is just the contrary one of maintaining life in a narrative line which is necessarily narrow and dangerously protracted, and it must be solved by the reverse and much more difficult means of the multiple viewpoint. Mr. Guthrie succeeds in this complicated task with an apparent simplicity which is proof enough of his mastery. He avoids the threat of separation inherent in the multiple approach, by gradually focussing the viewpoint, even as the wagon train itself is gradually, by experience along the 2,000-mile route, drawn together from its beginnings as a loose collection of heterogeneous and sometimes even hostile units, the solvent and the penniless, farmers and merchants, Southerners and New Englanders, politicians and loners, loud-mouths and close-mouths, Catholics, Protestants, free-thinkers, into a single, efficient, and purposeful entity, pioneers only, and able tools of the leader's will. The focus is first reduced from the whole to a few representative families, the Evans, the Fairmans, Tatlock, the ambitious, dictatorial first leader and his following, and the burdensome Byrds and the troublesome McBees. Then, as Tatlock is replaced by Evans, the choice of the train, it is gradually narrowed still further toward Lije Evans alone, who slowly, through the trust of his fellows and his own growth in confidence and in scope of understanding, becomes the true hero of the trek and the man with whom the reader may identify himself and feel, with the force of actual experience, the slowly mounting excitement of progress and satisfaction in increasing unity, and the accompanying development toward full recognition of the magnitude of the undertaking, the spiritual transformation inherent in it, and the political changes of world-wide importance which it implies. The actual leadership, to be sure, is shared throughout by Summers, the guide, the hunter, and the profitable example, but Summers is a separated being, entering not at all into the hopes and aspirations of the pioneers, and as such, serves chiefly to bring the past to bear upon the trek, and to concentrate the final focus even more in Evans, as the settler whose significance increases as his own, the mountain-man's, dwindles.

This superior achievement in structure is complemented, to my mind, by an equal improvement in the writing. In "The Big Sky," Mr. Guthrie sometimes came near, in his major scenes, to degenerating into free verse, and then, in order to maintain his tone, was forced to hurry and inflate transitional passages until the reader was rushed past understanding, and even, at times, to the point where the language parted with the realities be-

THE AUTHOR: Checking up on A. B. Guthrie, Jr., since he occupied this space May 3, 1947, on advent of "The Big Sky," we find that the book's instant success did change his life, if not his cephalic index. For one thing, says the ex-executive editor of the *Lexington* (Ky.) *Leader*, "it gave me courage to quit newspaper work, though an old payroll rider like me tends to feel uneasy out of the saddle. It enabled—emboldened—me to buy a little rock-and-jackpine summer hideout on the front range of the Rockies in Montana which I had wanted for twenty-five years. It also brought me into contact with people I had wanted but never hoped to meet. Not that I'm a big-name hunter. But I do like to know men and women who are doing and thinking and writing things that seem important to me." It could happen to anybody, if he was moved from Indiana to Choteau, Mont., in infancy, grew up among Indians, cowboys, ranchers, and old-timers, was steeped in Western history, had a flair for anecdote, and an imagination of some compass—disciplined, of course, by "the long clatter of the newsroom." "The kids can play the radio, and our dachshund romp with a ball, and my wife carry on a one-sided conversation with me, and still I'm able to bleed words onto paper. I said bleed." His next literary leech will be for Rinehart's Rivers of America; then two more novels on the West, the first—tentatively—on the gold-camp and cattle days, the second on the interior Northwest from 1900 to the present. Currently "convalescing" from "The Way West," he is teaching at the University of Kentucky and—compelled "by a residual Methodism that makes me feel I have to justify my occupation of space on the globe"—propagandizing a state constitutional amendment. —R. G.

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hind it. In "The Way West," on the contrary, he has made use of an even, well-paced prose, perfectly suited to the movement of the train, and never once, that I can remember, detached from the experience it presents. Some readers will miss the magnificent but often nearly isolated canvasses of "The Big Sky," both scenic and dramatic, but I promise that if they will bear with the first difference, they will find the slow, bit-by-bit accumulation of "The Way West" even more effective before they are done with it, and more memorable afterwards. It is a medium in keeping with the structure, and both are admirably suited to the patient, increasingly stirring ascent toward the Divide of the miniature America that is Mr. Guthrie's wagon train on what has now become Mr. Guthrie's Oregon Trail.

Walter Van Tilburg Clark is author of "The Track of the Cat" and other novels.

Bachelors of Sports

THE HERO. By Millard Lampell. New York: Julian Messner. 298 *pp.* $3.

By John R. Tunis

"THERE are good social and emotional reasons why sports have become the religious festivals of Americans," explains a character in this book. "Especially when sports are linked with college, with a calm and isolated and romantic world, with Youth and Honor, with Fair Play, with a hundred alluring traditions. The Myth lies in this; that what is sold as amateurism is really industry. Athletics is in fact not an escape from the world; but a realization of it."

Of course. We live in a sick and diseased civilization, so our sports are sick and diseased also. No one has yet made the point better than Mr. Lampell in this story of a Polish boy from a New Jersey high school who goes to a kind of Washington-and-Leeish college in the Tradition Belt of Virginia. (Or could it be he was thinking of Princeton?) Here you see how it is done, and the people who do it, the human beings caught up in something most of them don't understand. Here are the adolescent graduates who demand shows and pageants on week ends in fall, the president who wants a winning eleven to help his endowment fund, the alumnus who uses athletics to construct a political machine. (It's been done in more than one Southern state.)

You also see the pawns: the boys who earn the money, the star tailback fooled for a time into thinking this sort of thing is education, the old coach who must turn out a winner or else, the ex-Marine from Tulane—or was it Alabama—who is slipped a hundred fifty extra to break the hero's shoulder and get him out of a critical game, the professor who gives make-up exams to shaky athletes, and all the others.

Sure, it's a bitter book. Like prostitution, the mother-in-law of sport, this is a bitter business, ruining some, hurting others, and making money for a few. Mr. Lampell portrays a slice of American life, and extremely well. The book is authentic; he has been there, has seen, felt, lived much of this. Notice, please, that "The Hero" is not a football story, but an important segment of modern America. Neither is it just a reporter's job; there is indignation in it. Mr. Lampell doesn't solve the problem, indeed who can? Nor does he finish the easy way with a happy issue out of all our afflictions. The book has defects. It is a young novelist's work and uneven. He cares more about athletics and politics than about love. Yet it is a better achievement than many tenth novels. We are fortunate to have writers like Mr. Lampell to describe the American scene.

Now maybe what he is saying is not, after all, important. Maybe it doesn't matter whether a handful of athletes are made physical wrecks for life, or undergraduates become cynical about education, so long as you and I enjoy ourselves over television next Saturday afternoon. Maybe there is nothing wrong when learning becomes a joke in many institutions, and our colleges what Mr. Hutchins once termed "finishing schools for debutante stock brokers." Perhaps it doesn't really matter whether our young people are thrown into the world without ideals, to wake up at forty-five as radio executives and advertising tycoons. Maybe Mr. Lampell thinks otherwise. He seems to believe that our educational system should do more to justify itself than turn out end products of this kind. Or so he says. With eloquence and conviction.

By the way, Mr. Conant. Hey there, Mr. Eisenhower. Just a second, Mr. Stassen. D'you ever get time to read a book these fine autumn days? Or are you too busy giving off with the words?

Fallen Angels

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARMS. By Nelson Algren. New York: Doubleday & Co. 343 *pp.* $3.

By Hollis Alpert

IT IS seldom that so complete a collection of lugubriously fallen angels passes through an American novel. All of them come from Division Street in Chicago, the city that boomed so vitally in its production of writers a quarter of a century back. Nelson Algren seems to be about the only one willing and capable enough to carry on a tradition that passed through mutations given it by Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg, and James T. Farrell. Their echoes are here in this novel, a wonderful amalgamation of them all. It's a neon-lighted fog now, but the social and poetic realism still holds up, and that big-city wilderness still sprawls, evidently ever-ready for exploration.

Mr. Algren explored it before, quite strikingly, if depressingly, in "Never Come Morning," an earlier novel. That book came out before the war, and his people, mostly from Polish stock, were adolescents then. His new one concentrates on an older group. Frankie Majcinek, the "dealer," the man with the golden arm, sometimes called Frankie Machine, is a war veteran of thirty, and it might as well be said right now: he comes to a bad end. And so, it seems, do others who come too close to his golden arm, the one that deals the cards in Zero Schwiefka's gambling joint with never a slip. His wife, Sophie, crippled in an accident by Frankie's drunken driving, dreams slowly along towards her walled, white insanity, hopelessly loving her man, hopelessly waiting for his love. His mistress, Molly-O, gets picked up as "Accessory after the Fact" for aiding him escape a police dragnet. His friend, Sparrow Saltskin, has a nice long stretch in the state penitentiary ahead of him, by the book's end.

Frankie's big trouble is that thirty-five-pound monkey on his back, the one that can't be thrown off. Frankie, it appears, carried a huge load of guilt deep inside him, and the only way to appease that guilt, for a little while anyway, was through the needle. Nifty Louie Formorowsky fed it to him at first (each quarter grain of morphine got higher in price the closer Frankie came to being a true junkie) and eventually got his neck broken by the dealer's slug in an alley behind Schwiefka's place.

It might be surprising, after all this,

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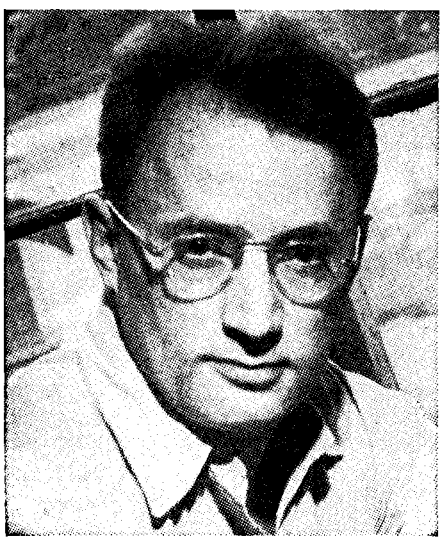
to learn that there is a great deal of raucous and bawdy humor in the novel. There's nothing concerning Frankie that's ever funny—he's doomed from beginning to end—but Violet, the lady who lives upstairs in Schwabatski's rooming house, is a lusty woman, insatiably sexed and forever in good humor as she divests Old Husband of his weekly ice-house earnings and relegates him to sleeping in the hall broom closet when he fails in his conjugal duties. And Sparrow, who "found" lost dogs, and couldn't keep his fingers from appropriating merchandise in Nieboldt's Department Store, adds to the sometimes frantic comedy. There's something funny (awfully sad, too) about that poor hound called Rumdum, a canine alcoholic from being fed on beer in Owner Antek's Tug and Maul Bar.

In fact, it is the first half of this richly vivid novel which stands out as a constantly varying, many threaded, and ribald saga of the lowly and the fallen. Mr. Algren loves them all, sees them with a passionate warmness, and sings for them their melancholy song as they drink and thieve and brawl and gamble, while overhead the Loop-bound El rattles by towards brighter sections of the city.

It's the latter half of the book that tends to fall a little too much into the cops-and-robbers pattern. The crime will out, and the thieves fall out, and the events begin to take on a familiar ring. Bednar does his duty, and works on Sparrow, and Sparrow finally squeals. And eventually, what's left for Frankie but to hang himself with a piece of twine that held yesterday's tabloid newspapers? Yet, in spite of its familiarity—crime and punishment, act and contrition and retribution—the people in the story remain unforgettable.



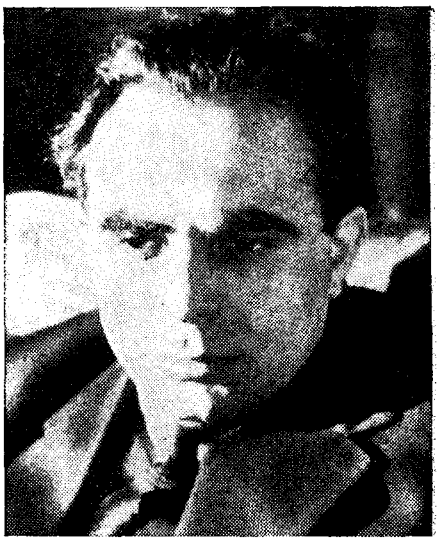
—*Robert McCullough.*

"Nelson Algren loves them all."

Cockney's Compact with the Devil

HONEY FOR THE GHOST. By Louis Golding. New York: Dial Press. 383 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith



Louis Golding—a bit "of an enigma."

AMONG established English writers Louis Golding is something of an enigma. He has been writing steadily for a quarter of a century, and the forty books he has published range through short stories and novels to travel, poetry, and Adolf Hitler. His best known novels, "Magnolia Street" and "Mr. Emmanuel," have not been forgotten over the years. Nevertheless, he has never been ranked among the first writers and novelists of his day, perhaps because of his fluency, on the curious theory that a man who does everything too well cannot be first rate, or else because his best fiction has dealt with a segment of the Jewish population in London, a subject that at times has not been welcomed with enthusiasm. In addition, his political opinions may have been too far to the left of center to make him a popular figure.

In his fiction Mr. Golding is always an accomplished storyteller who has understood the hearts of his characters and has placed them in minutely detailed settings. His latest novel, "Honey for the Ghost," is an excellent example of his special talents, for it is exactly what its publisher calls it, "a story first and last." Mr. Golding has used the strangely popular interest in witchcraft and demonology today to concoct a believable and eerie tale which bears little resemblance to the novels which attempt to give their readers the shivers by reviving that sickness of the soul which for several hundred years tortured and killed its pathetic victims in all Christian lands.

The contestant with the devil's advocate is a London cockney who had been a prize fighter, comes back from the wars, marries happily, and has a son. Jim Gunning discovers that he has tuberculosis. His sturdy and self-reliant nature cannot endure the meticulous care he receives in a sanitarium. When he is condemned to an operation which may end his life, he runs away to Scotland, for he has an idea that he can save himself only through his own efforts by living on Northern soil. A sudden hemorrhage reveals him for what he is to the kindly people of a little village, who rightly close their doors to him. He wanders into the hills and is taken in hand by an elderly and once wealthy Englishwoman who had given all of her love to a nephew burned to death in the war. This pathetic and tough old woman was known as Miss Lemuel, but the country folk also knew her for a witch, living on a dilapidated mountain farm, on which it was rumored there lay an ancient curse. All of the accidents that are the lot of poor Scottish crofters—the sickness of a child, the death of a cow, or a barren harvest—were laid at her door. Miss Lemuel was, in fact, a modern witch, deprived of her broomstick and supernatural powers. She believed that her dead nephew was alive; she held his seat for him at table and hearth and kept his room and his garments ready for him at any moment. She talked about him incessantly to her new handyman, bringing to life every remembered look and incident of the boy she had taken North with her and had raised as her son.

Miss Lemuel works for Jim Gunning's recovery, but the day when she has promised him that he might send for his wife is always set farther away. In his passion for personal salvation he writes to Sally through an unregenerate friend and pays him to keep his whereabouts secret. The week before his Sally is to be sent his address, a lesion opens and blood once more spouts from his mouth. And now the witch reveals herself to the fevered man. She will cure him if he will sign a compact with the devil and assume the body of her nephew. As the struggle for his life, and in some way for his soul, continues, the young Cockney becomes at times the farmhand and at others the dead nephew, whose life and deeds had be-

(Continued on page 55)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Conversions & Convictions

ABOUT six months ago, at a Midwest college, I met a young man who admitted he was about to become a Communist, and he wasn't at all reluctant to tell me the reason.

"I've been converted by Senator McKellar," he said. "Marx and Engels didn't convince me, but Senator McKellar did."

Hearing Senator McKellar described as a missionary for Communism was like learning that General Vaughan had just been elected President of the Girl Scouts. I raised an appropriate eyebrow.

"You see," my friend explained, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've always admired David E. Lilienthal. I've followed his work over the years, I've read the things he's written or said, and I developed a deep admiration for him. He wasn't afraid to talk about things that really matter in the world—about the hopes young people have, or about the things that need cleaning up. He represented the things that I believe in deeply, and when the distinguished Senator from Tennessee identified him as a Communist, I said to myself, that's the ticket for me. After all, Senators get where they are because of their wisdom, and are very careful of what they say. So when Senator McKellar told the world exactly what it is you call a fellow like Lilienthal, I became an immediate convert."

I couldn't help recalling this conversation when I picked up a copy of David Lilienthal's new book, "This I Do Believe,"* which spells out in full David E. Lilienthal's political philosophy. For as you read the book and observe the page-by-page development of Lilienthal's ideas, all of them deeply grounded in a profound understanding of and respect for the nature and meaning of free government, coupled with an equally deep condemnation of totalitarianism in general and Communism in particular—as you read all this, the allegations of Senator McKellar seem even more ludicrous than they did at the time they were made. But what is most significant and striking about these charges is not that they are demonstrably untrue, but that a United States Senator—and Senator McKellar's position, unfortunately, is by no means unique—should know so little about the principles that must go into the operation of the government he is duty bound to represent and protect. Errors of this type are not merely a matter of personal Senatorial privilege. They raise serious questions: What is the danger to representative government of such colossal misconceptions as those displayed by Senator McKellar on matters vitally related to American welfare and security? How can we cope with the very real threat of Communism—internal and external both—without sharp and precise knowledge as to what Communism is and how it operates?

While my friend the college student was spoofing about his "conversion," he made a good point. One good way to build membership for the Communist Party in this country is to tack this label of Bolshevism on every decent cause or idea. The effect may be just the opposite from that intended. Far from damning Communism, this approach succeeds only in making it that much more attractive. Besides, there is a bleakness and an emptiness in the position of the McKellars that does little to advance the democratic faith. For their approach is all negative: precisely what *is* democracy as they see it? If it means more than a chance to vent their spleen they have yet to demonstrate it.

There is genuine concern in America about the apparent vulnerability of so many young people to Communism, but there is apparently little understanding of the process by which Communism does its recruiting, and even less understanding of how to cope with Communism and combat it. The biggest mistake we make is to assume that the young people who become Communists are revolutionary fiends who are filled with hate for everything American. And in dealing with these young people as political lepers we seal them off from the rest of society, slamming shut the escape hatches by which they can flee the Party once they discover that Communism is built on a lie.

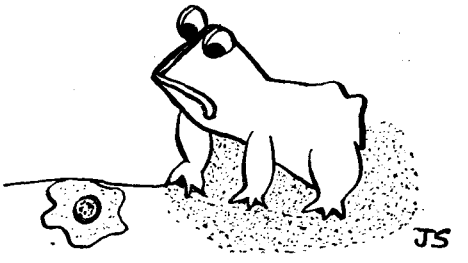
WE WILL never be able to stop Communism dead in its tracks, so far as young people are concerned, until we recognize that its initial appeal is deeply moral. The natural idealism in young people is appealed to and exploited. The qualities of sympathy and compassion developed and extolled in church, school, and homes are the very values which take the form of Communism's entering wedge. There is no point in blinking this fact or pretending that it cannot be true. These young kids of ours who swallow the bait are no rampaging subversives or ideological monsters; they are, most of them, warm and responsive and compassionate human beings who plight their intellectual troth out of honest motivations.

Once they get into the Party, the long process of indoctrination begins —always in the name of humanism. The discipline and the dogma little by little crowd out the original ideal, even though that ideal is used to justify every act that thwarts or destroys human decency and dignity. Finally, they become not so much members of a political party as agents, in effect, of a foreign government. Their allegiance is as iron-bound as their methods, which by this time are those of the absolutist and zealot who admits no possibility of error in either means or ends.

Democracy is not without effective resources for dealing with the false initial appeal of Communism or with its full-blown dogma and tactics, as

*THIS I DO BELIEVE. By David E. Lilienthal. New York: Harper & Bros. 208 pp. $2.50.

Atomic Age Fables



XXI: The Tedium of the Amoeba

"MY OFFSPRING begin to bore me," said an amoeba to a frog.

"I must admit that they are very similar," the frog responded.

"The tedium is tremendous," the amoeba answered, "but think of the state that my poor ancestors must be in!" —J. S.

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Mr. Lilienthal makes clear in this book. In fact, this volume ought somehow to be made available to all of American youth, the proper time depending upon the ideological age of consent in each case. (I say "made available" instead of "required reading" because compulsion and comprehension don't mix.)

Young people like affirmation; this book throbs with it. Young people like compassion; this book glows with it. Young people hate defeatism; this book demolishes it. Here, then, is democracy's answer to the absolutism of the extreme left and right both. As Mr. Lilienthal said in his celebrated and much-reprinted reply to Senator McKellar when asked for his convictions before a Joint Congressional Committee hearing:

> Any form of government. . . . and any other institutions which make men means rather than ends, which exalt the state or any other institutions above the importance of men, which place arbitrary power over men as a fundamental tenet of government, are contrary to that conception [of democracy] . . .
>
> The fundamental tenet of Communism is that the state is an end in itself, and that therefore the powers which the state exercises over the individual are without any ethical standard to limit them. . . .
>
> It is very easy to talk about being against Communism. It is equally important to believe those things which provide a satisfying and effective alternative. Democracy is that satisfying affirmative alternative. . . .
>
> I deeply believe in the capacity of democracy to surmount any trials that may lie ahead, provided only that we practise it in our daily lives. . . .

"This I Do Believe" should do much to straighten out some of the public misconceptions about its author. He has been characterized as an apostle of Bigness in government, yet the heart of his democratic philosophy is concerned with the individual and with the fuller development of the small community, stressing that any increased Federal responsibility should be channeled through increased local control.

He has been characterized as a critic of American industrial might, but makes no bones about his pride "that we are by all odds the strongest industrial nation in the world. I have no apologies to make to anyone that we do things in a big way. The song of America, however, is not only one of steel and oil and automobiles; not only one of material things. We have a solidarity and a unity of spirit and purpose that we can brag about. . . . We have great visions today. We are going to have more of them."

He has been characterized as some-

one who is sullen and resentful over the many attempts to blacken his name and drive him from public service, yet there isn't a sour note in this book, despite the wide-open opportunity to strike back at his critics. Instead, there is a long chapter on the satisfactions of public service. "What I urge is a fluid kind of citizen-service, in which men and women move from private life into public service for a period of years, and then back to private life. The proposal also has in it an element of common fairness, for the grim and wearing tasks that so often are the lot of the responsible public servant should not be exacted of one man for an indefinite period, but should be deliberately rotated."

All this is not to say that the book is entirely beyond criticism. It can be argued that not enough attention has been given to the basic conditions that make a democracy possible. It can be argued that there is insufficient discussion on the vital connection between the state of a nation and the state of the world—especially as the absence of any workable design for the world may weaken the design, however inherently sound, of an individual government. It can be argued, too, that while Mr. Lilienthal correctly defines the danger of excessive fears over American security, he doesn't adequately define a program which can effectively allay those fears.

But it is entirely in character with the book, and this is to its credit, that it encourages arguments with itself. David E. Lilienthal doesn't profess to be the exclusive possessor of all the keys to the democratic kingdom. All he asks is that we realize we can't get in by breaking down the door. A key is available for anyone who really wants to get in; the only thing to remember is that the lock snaps if the key is turned too far either to the left or to the right. —N. C.

Bookmarks

IS THERE any subject in the world concerning which there is only one book? Dr. Carl J. Weber, of Colby College, makes that claim, with apparent justification, for "A Thousand and One Fore-Edge Paintings," which the college press recently issued. Diligent search, he says, unearthed "a few articles in magazines, some brief statements in a book now and then, a passing allusion in a study of bibliography here or a work on bookbinding there, but no book about fore-edge paintings and their makers." So Dr. Weber wrote one. A fore-edge painting is just that—a water-color on the edges of the leaves which is invisible until one "fans" them. Anyone who ever went to school has made them (usually not with water-colors). Colby has a copy of a textbook "Hamlet" which, when fanned, discloses the name "E A Robinson"—a Harvard student of the early 1890's who read Shakespeare to his own and the world's profit.

* * *

The test of the adequacy of a cookbook's index is this: It must list

> Cream, sour, left-over, uses for
> Eggs, whites, left over, uses for

* * *

In the summer of 1897, just before Hall Caine's "The Christian" appeared, Arthur Conan Doyle was so exercised over the advance build-up (in which the novelist appeared to have cooperated) that he wrote a letter to the *Daily Chronicle* about it. In his recent life of Doyle, which we enjoyed, John Dickson Carr quotes from this communication and appends his own comment:

> Such views, of course, are not in vogue today. We have changed all that. A young writer nowadays, if told it might advance his new book, would paint his nose blue and walk into the Ivy Restaurant with a placard of the book round his neck. He is not in a profession; he is in a racket.

Doyle's attitude was sincere, and he practised what he preached. When he happened to see a pre-publication note with which the *Strand Magazine* proposed to introduce a new serial of his, he threatened to withdraw the serial unless the *Strand* withdrew the note. And when, in 1903, he received an advance copy of the one-volume edition of "The Great Boer War" and found that the frontispiece was a likeness of himself, he insisted that it be removed. The publishers substituted a portrait of Lord Roberts.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hiroshima "Moral Adoptions"

SIR: Your very moving report of what is happening in Hiroshima ["Hiroshima—Four Years Later," *SRL* Sept. 17] offers a practical suggestion which my husband and I grasp eagerly. Please let us know in detail, if you have worked out definite plans, what can be done about "morally adopting" an orphan in Mrs. Yamashita's school. . . .

ELIZABETH MORGAN LAPPIN.
Bridgewater, Conn.

SIR: It seems like a wonderful plan to us and we hope you have a big response to your suggestion. Any American family of the most moderate means could manage to squeeze out that small sum each month. Most of us waste more than that on trivia! We pledge ourselves to be financially responsible for some small orphan as long as humanly possible—only some extreme ill luck as death or loss of employment will ever make us default on this arrangement.

We would like to supplement this allotment with occasional boxes of clothes or toys. This would be a pleasure for us, and I can think of no better way to teach our own four-year-old daughter a sense of responsibility for others in the world. If it is at all possible we would like to have a little girl in our charge. It would be easy to sew for her and to know what she would like, since I have my own child to judge by.

We are in our early thirties and would like a young child so that we could feel we were contributing to someone's care for a long period in her life. Perhaps you would like some personal history to assure you that we are able to complete our part of the bargain. My husband is a ceramic engineer. He has been employed for ten years, with four years out for Army service. We own our home and are not in debt. We support our daughter, one dog, and two cats, so feel quite sure we can undertake another child.

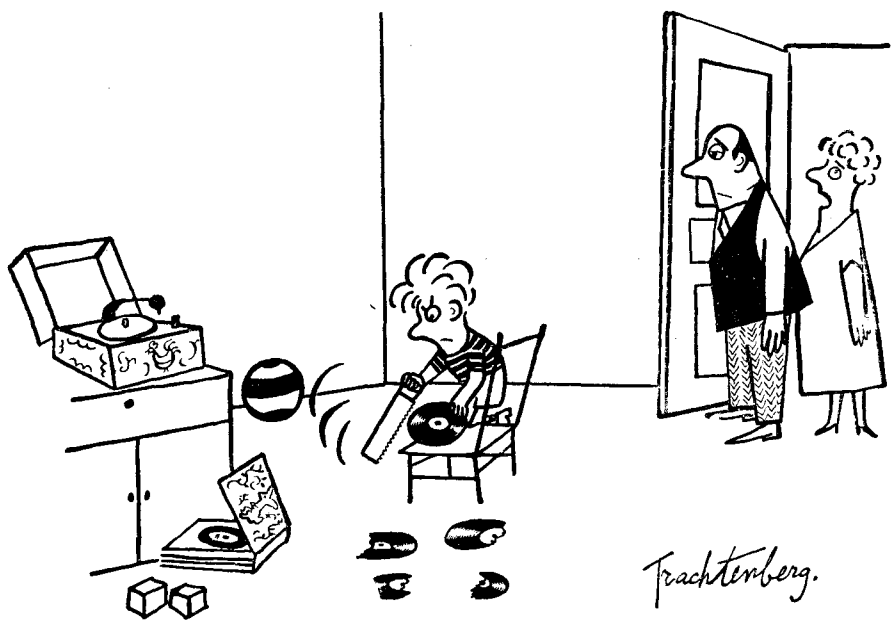
MRS. JOHN H. SNODDY.
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: I wonder whether there would be any objections to college students, with enough allowance to manage it, undertaking to pay the cost of maintaining an orphan for a year (or more). I realize that the actual idea of adoption would be impossible, but I know that I, and many of my friends, have as great an interest as many adults in helping the people of Hiroshima. The very fact that the child's living expenses would come out of our spending money would make it seem to us more as though we were really accomplishing something.

MARYAL STONE.
Swarthmore, Pa.

SIR: . . . We have discussed the obligations involved and we are ready to offer our home, when possible, and our aid to bring some measure of family life and love to one of these youngsters. We are of moderate means and have two children of our own, but feel we can afford the sum of $2.25 each month to help some child. . . .

R. E. DOWNING.
Chicago, Ill.



"They're the unbreakable records you bought him."

SIR: I am a widow with three quite delightful orphans of my own. Please start me out with two Hiroshima orphans. A check for this month is enclosed and others will be forthcoming. . . .

BETTINA B. CARTER.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR: The North Side Christian Church's Senior CYF (Christian Youth Fellowship) group would like to learn of the possibilities of adopting a Japanese child. . . .

RUDOLPH BERRYMAN.
Omaha, Neb.

SIR: As I have no financial security myself, I cannot adopt a child and promise to make regular payments. I therefore send the enclosed check for $10 as a small bit of help. . . .

MABEL DAVIDSON.
Lynchburg, Va.

SIR: I have always wanted to help children, especially those who have been orphaned, as I know how much my own mother means to me. At present I am not legally able to adopt a child, but that will be remedied in a few months. I would appreciate further information. . . .

PHOEBE FOX.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

SIR: I have a vague hope that doing without whatever luxury my allowance gives me and sending it to a child who was hurt on that awful day will give me some rest from the feeling I've had ever since. . . . It destroys your great illusion when you must acknowledge that your country will allow the military to take complete control . . . to the extent of casting aside all decent scruples and committing mass murder in the name of military necessity.

GENEVIEVE TILLER GARLAND.
Beaver Dams, N. Y.

SIR: . . . Enclosed is my first check for the support of one of Hiroshima's orphans. Perhaps it is not in good taste, under the circumstances, to pay for this orphan's support on an account basis. But my other commitments, including a pledge to raise money to bring several students here from Japan to study under scholarships, prevents me from paying a lump sum to you at this time. . . .

MALCOLM F. REED.
Westfield, N. J.

SIR: . . . I should be pleased to be responsible for a child, provided, of course, my being a "spinster" doesn't exclude me from helping in this manner. . . .

MILDRED OUSLANDER.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: . . . I would like to do something for the children of the Yamashita Orphanage. I have always thought that children are the worst sufferers of a war and I would imagine that the children of Hiroshima have suffered more than children in other countries. . . .

MARJORIE HOAG.
Greenville, Mich.

SIR: . . . You say that $27 a year will feed, educate, and care for a

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child for one year at Yamashita's? This I've got to see—but am more than willing to let the Yamashitas try to do it. Check is enclosed.

I don't mean to be flip, sir. You have touched me deeply. I do hold one prerogative in my adoption, however, and that is the choice of a name for my ward. Let him, too, wear the proud initials of N. C.

SAMUEL B. LINCOLN.
Brattleboro, Vt.

SIR: . . . Please accept my check for $50 to be used for the Yamashita Orphanage, and my thanks for bringing the need to our attention. . . .

ADELE C. STARBIRD.
St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: . . . You'll be blessed for acting as middleman in such a worthy project. . . .

YVONNE G. KELLOGG.
Roselle, N. J.

SIR: Am enclosing check for $30 to be sent to Mrs. Yamashita for the children under her care. Will plan to send another $30 in six months. . . .

MRS. MABEL WARREN.
Laguna Beach, Calif.

SIR: Enclosed is my check for $27. . . . If it were ever possible for me to have direct contact of any kind with "my" child, I should be delighted. However, I recognize fully the difficulties involved.

PEGGY BAUM GERRY.
Santa Monica, Calif.

SIR: . . . We shall be happy to adopt a youngster on the basis you mention. If possible choose a boy—we'd like to replace one we lost. After you let us know the sex, we'll choose a name. Thanks for acting as middleman for us.

RHODES R. STABLEY.
Indiana, Pa.

SIR: I was deeply moved by your article. Please tell me how to go about making a moral adoption. . . .

KAY HANNUM.
Radcliffe College,
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: . . . If one might be allowed a choice I should like to provide for a child with a level of intelligence suitable for college later. . . .

MARGUERITE J. GIBSON.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: . . . As we are unmarried, none of us would be interested in eventual legal adoption, but we would like to help support these children.

PAULINE A. RUFFER AND FRIENDS.
Hamden, Conn.

SIR: . . . I'm grateful for your suggestion about what a small gesture some of us can make to take a positive step in the midst of all the compromise we seem to share. . . .

RUTH IVES.
White Plains, N. Y.

SIR. . . . I visited Japan shortly after the war and was struck by the pitiful condition of the children. I'm sorry that I can only contribute for one. But I have been hospitalized for some time, and that prevents me from doing more. However, if $2.25, less than what the average man spends on cigarettes in a month, will take care of a child for that period, I'd be ashamed not to contribute. . . .

ADRIAN H. JENNINGS, JR.
U. S. Marine Hospital,
Neponsit, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The entire staff of* SRL *has been deeply moved by the prompt and full response to the suggestions for "moral adoptions." Because of the extraordinary volume of the replies, and because of the need to provide a continuing basis for the care of the orphans,* SRL *is attempting to have the funds administered by an organization such as the Church World Service or the International Red Cross. Letters are going out to Mrs. Yamashita and Mayor Shinzo Hamai, of Hiroshima, telling them of this response, and requesting photographs of the orphans to be passed along to the American families adopting them. Space does not permit reprinting excerpts from all the letters received. Additional readers who have offered to help Hiroshima orphans are listed below.*

Speaking for myself, few things that have happened since I came to SRL *have been more personally gratifying than this response by* SRL *readers.* —N. C.

MRS. DWIGHT K. BARTLETT,
Providence, R. I.

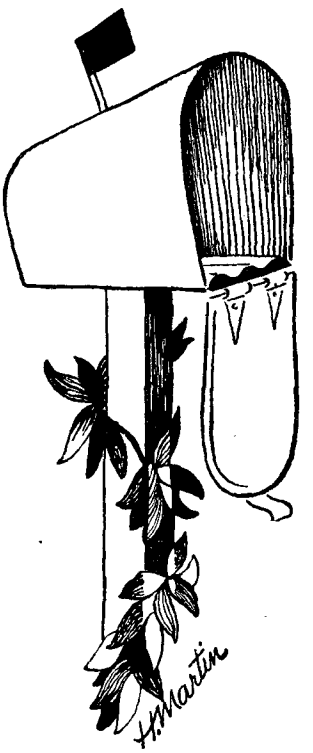
WALTON BUTTERFIELD,
Rye, N. Y.

JOSEPHINE COMPTER,
Bronx, N. Y.

KATHERINE B. DEMING,
New City, N. Y.

ALICE DEVINE,
New York, N. Y.

ESTHER G. DIAMOND,
New York, N. Y.



MRS. FRANK J. FROST,
Palo Alto, Calif.

ERNEST F. GRIFFIN,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

CYRUS HAMLIN,
Southwest Harbor, Me.

SUZANNE HART,
New York, N. Y.

JOSEPH HEIN,
New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL A. HESSBERG,
New York, N. Y.

H. RALPH HIGGINS,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARGARET JOSLYN,
Chicago, Ill.

AGNES H. LEVERING,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. H. L. LLOYD,
Green's Farms, Conn.

MR. AND MRS. DONALD MULLEN,
Lowell, Mich.

CATHERINE NEAL PARKE,
Washington, D. C.

LAWRENCE W. PEARSON,
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

BARBARA M. SMITH,
Chicago, Ill.

Axis Catholics

SIR: I personally thought your efforts at reviewing Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power" [*SRL* July 30] were less than courageous, and mentally ticked off your long delay and the character of the reviews as a big strike against your usually honest reviewing policy. But I must risk the charge of bigotry to point out to David J. Lamb [LETTERS, *SRL* Sept. 3] that Catholics composed a very large percentage of the Axis armies, both Italian and Nazi. His flag waving is a bit out of place in view of such facts.

W. A. WILLIAMS.
Madison, Wis.

Fanfare for Fadiman

SIR: May I suggest ever so mildly, and without risk of "insulting" anybody, that the critics of Mr. Fadiman and his interesting article on "The Decline of Attention" [*SRL* Aug. 6] seem to have proved Mr. Fadiman's own point? How else would those gentlemen have overlooked the latter's disavowal of intention of taking sides in the matter? But why blame Mr. Fadiman for tendencies latent in our cultural and social milieu, deplorable or otherwise, and long since noted by Wordsworth and Henry James in language far more scathing than his, as though the phenomena themselves or the discovery of them had originated with him?

LILLIAN B. GILKES.
Ridgefield, Conn.

SIR: Clifton Fadiman in his "Decline of Attention" gives ample evidence of a rare critical talent. His lucid presentation of a subject possessing so many ramifications is in-

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deed worthy of unstinted praise. To me, his article is head and shoulders above any other piece appearing in your Anniversary Issue.

JOHN F. SULLIVAN, JR.

Holyoke, Mass.

"The Elite Among Us"

SIR: It was with a mixture of sadness and anger that I read Irwin Edman's "The Elite Among Us" [*SRL* Sept. 10]. It is disquieting indeed to see one of these attacks on the supposed mediocrity of the common man reach the usually liberal pages of *SRL*. A magazine which has stoutly defended liberalism through many years, this assault on humanity seems very definitely out of place. In times such as these the very last thing we need is the development of a new elite of the T. S. Eliot stamp, with an accompanying submergence of equality. The only thing that will ever save our civilization, now or at any time in the future, is an informed, courageous, free people; therefore it is indeed a bad time to be advocating the return of the common man to puppetry on a charge of mediocrity.

There is too much tyranny in the world today, and there are too many people advocating it in our own country. There are the fellow-travelers, the Communists, and the reactionaries; and there are misguided intellectuals like Mr. Edman. All of these diverse groups have one factor in common. None of them believes in humanity; none believes in the dignity of the common man; none of them believes that free men can stand on their own feet and think meaningfully for themselves.

The time has come when the greatness of the average man must triumph over every danger, or civilization is lost. Mr. Edman wants the return of an elite to rejuvenate art and culture which would ignore the common man, in order to develop more fully our individuality. He would find that such a procedure would result only in the utter loss of individuality, in the abandonment of all that free peoples working together have accomplished in the last century and a half. As for art and culture, if the artists and the intellectuals are incapable of doing any work comprehensible to the average man, they might as well cease their efforts. As Robert Hillyer so ably pointed out, art which is incomprehensible is not true art.

Mr. Edman says "the democratic faith is a subtle and courageous adventure in hope." I suggest that he forget the elite and join the adventurers.

WARREN H. CARROLL.

South Berwick, Me.

SIR: Three cheers for Dr. Edman, who has pointed out what is perhaps the greatest truth of the twentieth century: that it is pitifully mediocre.

One reason why our intellectuals have failed to lead us is that they are hardly in a position to lead themselves. They are hopelessly divided. Such division has, of course, swayed many intellectuals from what they might otherwise cherish in the line of criteria. The artistically beautiful is broken down into a dozen parts; the whole is missing. One group of intellectuals adores T. S. Eliot, and another despises him, calls him a snob. But the truth of the matter is that there is snobbery in the arts where unity no longer exists, where chaos is the fixed pattern. Goethe is so little understood and loved today because he stood for what we repeatedly antagonize: order in life and in all things—a Christian sentiment which leaves no place for brutality in the world.

As a postscript to Dr. Edman's article, perhaps one might say that America is in actuality a nation of heathens, of men who have lost all belief. This seems to be the core of this crisis in the world.

SHELDON J. KARLAN.

Columbia, Mo.

Stimulating Proving Ground

SIR: Because I am a writer who has been struggling in comparative obscurity for ten or fifteen years, the *SRL* has proved to be a stimulating proving ground for me. I like the general "feel" of its words upon my mind and the manner in which it dares me to quit. When my first novel appeared several years ago I looked for a statement of its appearance in your magazine. That it was ignored completely by you was possible proof that it did not merit the attention of your reviewers. But at least you are solid enough and courageous enough to keep on publishing, despite my having wished you dead, which is something. When the old *American Spectator* was publishing I sold them my first story and in the issue I appeared was a statement by the editors saying they were giving it all up. I used to think I caused them to quit, that my story was that bad. I rather imagine that when my book appeared you had the same fears in mind and therefore decided against reviewing it. At this late date I might say after a careful and systematic count of subscribers, even in this area, that you did the wise thing. I would simply like to say of your magazine that anyone interested in the printed word can't truthfully ignore the incentives which you place before us.

GEORGE H. FREITAG.

North Canton, O.

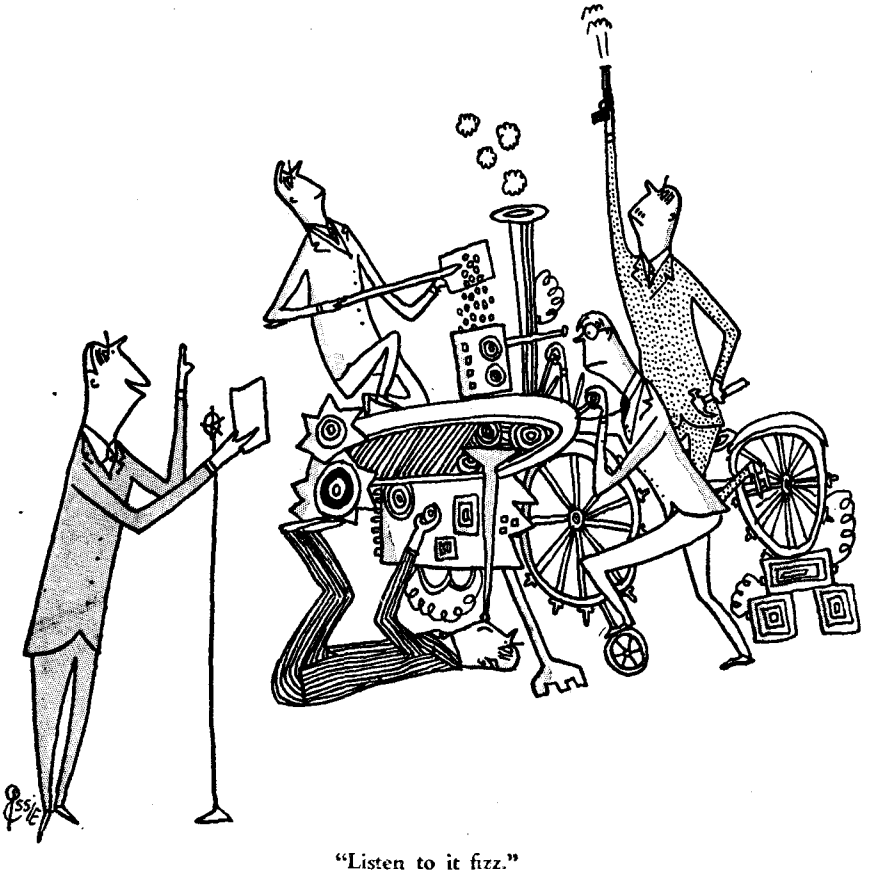
Maternal Viewpoint

SIR: Since I am the maternal parent of Vernon Albert Ward, Jr., whose letter [*SRL* July 9] was productive of considerable commendation for his honesty and forthrightness, and some condemnation for exhibiting himself as an "insistent loudmouth," I feel moved to speak a word or two to your readers which no one other than the mother of Vernon can utter fitly.

Vernon's wife saw the letter and endorsed its content before he submitted it. My first knowledge of it was at the moment I learned it had been published, before my own copy arrived, by reason of letters of appraisal received promptly by our oldest son.

I'm certain Vernon is not proud to have suffered persecution because of his idiosyncrasy. But, in his concept, his deviation is congenital. In mine, it could be an acquisition derived from depraved activities which any boy or girl might participate in. However, all the eminent psychiatrists he has consulted have diagnosed his malady as "congenital homosexuality."

I devoutly believe Vernon's pride



"Listen to it fizz."

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is attributable to the fact that his will to live and make a worthy contribution has empowered him to translate his bondage into values for survival. I know his motive for revelation derives from his own and his wife's parental devotion to the welfare of their two small children, whom all of us hope are not "congenital homosexuals," the while the thoughtful among us yearn to see human beings schooled to emanate honest forgiveness of all deviants of every creed, race, and color.

I disagree with Vernon's eminent doctors, as do others of our family members who are doctors. I think of him as a bisexual who has become far more creative in his concepts since he married and became a parent than when he was an adolescent. I have great faith that through his own diligent perseverence and the continuing loyalty of his devoted wife, his personality will be transformed into one which can dwell peacefully on earth, in satisfying harmony with natural laws ordained by the Mind of the Universe.

MRS. VERNON ALBERT WARD, SR.
Robersonville, N. C.

"Place Called Estherville"

SIR: Please accept my grateful thanks for Harrison Smith's forthright, true, concise criticism of Erskine Caldwell's "Place Called Estherville" [*SRL* Sept. 10]. My father thanks you; my mother thanks you; my husband, my children, my aunt, uncles, nieces, and nephews—all the poor downtrodden below the Mason Dixon line. We thank you. In truth, it is only by extraordinary restraint that we do not rise up and call you blessed.

From his charming patio in California Mr. Caldwell conjures up the most horrible circumstances, throws in a Southern background, garnishes his story with such language as one would never dare use in any reputable gathering—and calls his publishers.

CARY L. EDWARDS.
Spartanburg, S. C.

NEW EDITIONS

READERS who are interested in building up a library of permanent value, at a low cost, should not overlook the University Classics, originally published by Packard & Co., under the general editorship of Walter Hendricks, and now reissued by Hendricks House-Farrar, Straus. This is a small group as yet, but it includes Longinus's famous pioneer essay "On the Sublime" and Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses on Art" (in a single volume, $1.45), Erasmus's "The Praise of Folly" ($1.25), Machiavelli's "The Prince and Other Works" ($1.45), "Famous Utopias of the Renaissance" (as created by More, Bacon, Campanella, and others, $1.45), "The Complete Poems of John Donne" ($1.45), Thoreau's "Walden and Selected Essays" ($1.95), "Selected Writings and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln ($1.45), and Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" ($1.45).

Several of these titles are readily available in other reasonably priced editions, but the University Classics are distinguished in almost every instance by the excellence of their introductions. Allan H. Gilbert, for example, provides a usable background for the understanding of Machiavelli; T. Harry Williams respectfully but candidly traces the dual course of Lincoln's thought and action; Roger E. Bennett's brief evaluation of Donne's merits and shortcomings is remarkably accurate, and Elder Olson juxtaposes the theories of Longinus and Reynolds in a way that reveals their superficial similarities and fundamental differences. Benedict Einarson's translation of "On the Sublime" is so lucid, vigorous, and well annotated that it is both pleasant and instructive to reread this ancient critical classic in this new version; but, if I could pick only one volume of the lot, it would be almost certainly "The Praise of Folly," englished by Leonard F. Dean. Mr. Dean has done a brilliant job of putting Erasmus's lively, satirically edged, sixteenth-century Latin into lively, cutting, modern English, and he has done it without vulgarization. Thanks to his skill, we can read Erasmus as if he were our contemporary, and, so doing, can thoroughly enjoy one of the world's ironic masterpieces, into which a great scholar compressed so much of his knowledge of mankind.

We meet Machiavelli again—selections from "The Prince" and the "Discourses on Livy"—in "Prose and Poetry of the Continental Renaissance" (Longmans, $6), a fine, fat anthology of almost 1,100 pages, complete with introductory notes and bibliographies, edited by Harold Hooper Blanchard. We also encounter "The Praise of Folly" again—this time in John Wilson's antiquated translation of 1688, edited by Mrs. P. S. Allen—and, in addition, we find generous portions of Petrarch, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Castiglione, Cervantes, Montaigne, Tasso, and Ronsard. This is a valuable collection of much interesting and enduring literature, but some of it endures for only a few readers.

Another anthology, small but very choice, is "A Greek Garland" (Macmillan, $2), consisting of epigrams from the Palatine Anthology, selected by F. L. Lucas, and printed with his graceful English translations confronting the original Greek. This little book should not, of course, replace Mackail's "Select Epigrams" on any shelf, but room should be made for it beside Mackail.

If Mr. Dean has served Erasmus well, Richard Hare has done Turgeniev a service by giving us a version of "Fathers and Children" (Rinehart Editions, 50¢) that is far superior to the pedestrian translation of Constance Garnett, on which English readers were so long dependent. This fine novel was always vigorous enough to survive, even when robbed of its style, but Mr. Hare has made it glow with new life. Ernest J. Simmons provides an introduction, in which he remarks: "Bazarov's end, however, leaves one puzzled and dissatisfied. . . . It almost seems as though Turgeniev had grown weary of his hero at the point where his future existence had become a matter of consuming interest to the reader." This remark is itself puzzling. Can it mean that Mr. Simmons has completely missed the novel's basic irony?

Turning abruptly from the old world to the new, let me recommend two items of Americana: Wells Drury's reminiscences, "An Editor on the Comstock Lode" (Pacific Books, $3.75), and Joseph Henry Jackson's "Bad Company: The Story of California's Legendary and Actual Stage-Robbers, Bandits, Highwaymen, and Outlaws from the Fifties to the Eighties" (Harcourt, $4.75).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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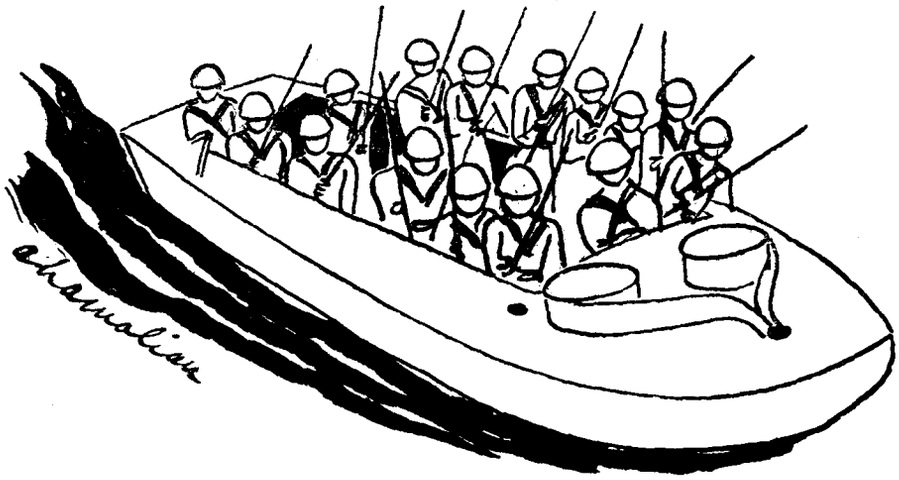

The Precise Art of Warfare

OLIVER LA FARGE

WARFARE is an art in that, even at its most mechanized, its successful waging depends upon subjective decisions based upon judgments of imponderables. It is a science, governed by laws determined by past experiments, its present conduct a series of further experiments based on laws, hypotheses, and theories. The data are constantly changing; new inventions affect warfare much as new schools and techniques affect painting, so that he who would master the laws and hypotheses (what the military themselves refer to as "doctrines") which make up the science, without which the art cannot be practised, must keep constantly abreast of the latest experiments. For great generalship the study of military history is essential, deeply into the great lessons of the long past, broadly over the immediately applicable findings of recent wars.

The living relationship between military history and successful warfare has long been recognized in Europe. Those greatest of all exponents of war, the Germans, established the recording, analyzing, and publishing of the history of their experiences as an integral part of the functions of their General Staff back in the times of Von Moltke, and that leader's broad plans, themselves, were in no small part the product of historical studies. The English gave the official recognition of military history a new twist when, in 1916, Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, announced that an official history of World War I would be published as soon as possible thereafter, in view of "the desirability of providing the public with an authentic account." The plan was made possible by the existence, at ministry level, of historical sections.

The British project went slightly agley. The Admiralty caused to be published three volumes of one of the best written, most thorough, and most exciting naval records in the world, Sir Julian S. Corbett's "Naval Operations." The third volume is largely devoted to the Battle of Jutland and demonstrates conclusively what later historians generally agree on, that Beatty could have had a great victory had not Jellicoe fumbled. Lord Jellicoe was still at the top of the Royal Navy; Beatty was in eclipse. No more volumes of "Naval Operations" were published.

It does not appear that the founders of America's historical program in World War II were especially conscious of the English model, with its explicit plan to add general publication to the amassing of material for staff study, but, as one might expect between democracies, the plans have kinship. The idea was President Roosevelt's: in view of his interest in naval matters, he may well have had Corbett's frustrated work in mind. For America this was something quite new. Never before had we attempted to keep a coherent, objective record of how we were waging war while we were doing so, nor had we planned for impartial publication.

Apart from the important contribution military history has to make to history in general, the Armed Services' own need for it is well illustrated by a single instance: after World War I some of the officers of the procurement branch of the infant Air Service, on their return to civilian life, wrote a long and rather detailed account of their experiences. A copy of this was sent to the Army, was filed and eventually lost. In 1942 the newly assigned historians of the Air Matériel Command heard of this treatise and managed to secure copies of somewhat more than half of it from its authors. These were circulated through the staff. Opinion was unanimous that, had the record been available in 1940, millions of dollars, and inestimable quantities of time, in a period when delay meant deaths and defeats, could have been saved.

The historical program of World War II embraced the Armed Services and all civilian agencies participating in any way in the prosecution of the war. Even if none of it were published per se it would provide an organized record prepared by trained scholars which would save all but the most abstruse researchers the infinite drudgery of searching original archives in order to find out what really happened. An added life is given to the histories, since the historians were themselves observers and to some extent participants, after the manner of Froissart.

In the services the brass at the top level backed the historical program from the start. As far as the Army Air Forces are concerned I can testify that we never felt pressure from the top to soften, color, or suppress anything, and our right to have access to all information was consistently upheld. A little lower down matters were different; contempt, mistrust, indifference, and sometimes plain fear of the light had to be overcome. That struggle, with its fantasy of obstacles and its remarkable exposures of human nature, is a saga in itself. The historians won hands down, and today in the Armed Services the historical organizations are taken for granted as part of the regular establishment.

AFTER the war the Navy turned over the task of writing its history to Samuel Eliot Morison, the wonderfully well-chosen head of its wartime program. The product, it appears, will be along the line of Corbett's. Whether in a one-man show it will be possible to trace the story from the factories to the engagements, from the decisions of chiefs of state and combined staffs to the flash of the guns, remains to be seen. The fear is that the result will be too purely a history of naval *operations* to provide that whole view of modern war which the military leader requires, and without which, as his-

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tory in the broad sense, the work remains overspecialized.

The Army is on a different tack, completing and publishing many studies of specific undertakings, each splendidly frank and complete. Essentially, these are revisions in the leisure of peacetime of the raw narratives and studies received during the war. These are specialists' publications, too specific for general interest, occupying an intermediate place between true source material and broad history.

The Air Force has chosen yet a third line. The great mass of monographs and narratives turned out by the air forces and commands and comparable studies at Air-Staff level remain in manuscript, catalogued, bound, readily available, as a scholars' archive. The extent of this mass may be estimated from the fact that the Air Transport Command alone, exclusive of its base unit and squadron histories, produced some fifty book-sized volumes.

From this mass, plus enemy and Allied information now available, a team of former historical officers returned to civilian life is engaged in writing "The Army Air Forces in World War II," an opus expected to run to seven very solid volumes. The historian of each of the numerous sections into which each volume is divided had active connection with his topic during hostilities. The editors and contributors are all civilians, very few of them now actively connected with the Air Force, and publication is by the University of Chicago Press. This arrangement was worked out between the historians and the Air Staff at the close of hostilities to insure an impartial, uninfluenced record. It has achieved its purpose excellently.

Two volumes have appeared so far, and both are solid history. With fourteen authors involved in these volumes, there is unevenness as between sections; the editors might have been slightly firmer in regard to uniformity of style. More important, they should have given more guidance to those authors who, perhaps emotionally too close to their subjects, have let unnecessary detail clog the main stream of their narratives.

The second and latest volume* begins with the first serious operations of the Eighth Air Force against Germany and continues through the invasion of North Africa and Italy to the establishment of the great Combined Bomber Offensive. The period is of enormous importance, not only in the war itself, but in the science of war. In it essential laws were discovered, and others which had existed as airmen's hypotheses, discounted by other arms, were proven. The uses of tactical and strategic air arms and the proper relationship of both to surface forces were tested and established in these eighteen months. Much that is recorded in this volume will influence the world's military structure and operations for a long time to come.

ON THE whole, despite necessarily wearisome discussions of organizational disputes and changes, the narrative is written with good respect for its central themes. On the whole, too, it is free of the curse of military jargon. Unhappily, the editors have chosen to adhere to the needless practice of printing all code names in capitals, an ugly, pointless procedure which might well be ended here and now. It began, I suspect, from early war writers' pride in being allowed to use some of these then mysterious terms.

None of the authors has found time to give the ultimate determinant, to furnish some picture, some feel, of the men in the planes and on the bases and their tasks. There is nothing, for instance, to compare with Corbett's brief, vivid description of what the crew of a monitor experienced in passing through the Red Sea. This is a shade too much of a staff-level history. In "Crusade in Europe" it is noticeable that Eisenhower always gives the names of general officers complete; when he has occasion to refer to persons below the grade of major, a last name suffices. The heroism of an enlisted man is related merely as a credit to his outfit, whose commander's name is given in full. The same fault occurs in "The Army Air Forces" throughout this volume. Thus, we are told that five men received the Medal of Honor for their parts in the second Ploesti raid, but why, or who they were, is not mentioned. Excessive detail and the lack of human, vivid detail are interrelated faults of a pedestrianism which may defeat the heaven-sent chance to deal fully and splendidly with a mighty subject.

It is none the less no small achievement to write so well, so coherently, and with so sound an over-all view so soon after the event. That attempting to do so is dangerous is frankly admitted in the introduction; the authors have succeeded admirably. They feel the drama of their subjects, and they convey it. Not alone the military, but American historians in general have ignored the existence of an important military branch of the general subject of history. If what we are getting from the Navy and the Air Force continues on its present level, they will no longer be able to do so.

Oliver La Farge, a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force Reserve, was in charge of the Historical Division of the Air Transport Command during the war. His recently published "Eagle in the Egg" is an unofficial history of the ATC.

"Admiral, I want you to meet the young man who's doing such a fine job writing your autobiography."

THE ARMY AIR FORCES IN WORLD WAR II: Vol. II, EUROPE: TORCH TO POINTBLANK (August 1942 to December 1943). Edited by Wesley Frank Craven and James Lea Cate. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 896 pp. $6.

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One-Man War

THE JUNGLE IS NEUTRAL. By F. Spencer Chapman. New York: W. W. Norton. 384 pp. $3.75.

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

THIS book should, and probably will, make any writer of pulp-fiction hang his head in abject mortification. It can only be described as sensational and yet, unbelievable as it may be even to hardened war correspondents, every word of it is true. It is the straightforward account of the experiences of a gallant British volunteer officer, not of the professional but of the citizen army, left behind in the jungles of Malaya to tackle, molest, and defeat the Japanese virtually single-handed. He did so tackle and molest them for four long years, despite a set of nightmare pestilences, hair-raising captures, and escapes that surpass anything in science-fiction, and an almost complete absence of equipment—without even any real knowledge of the jungle to begin with. He certainly aided mightily in their defeat.

The story told is magnificent and nothing we say should in any way be construed as criticism of Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman's amazing gallantry or even of his clear literary style. His book is, however, and probably quite unwittingly, the most precise indictment of Britain's criminally stupid policy in matters political and military during the interwar period that this reviewer has yet encountered. It is also a quite ghastly revelation of the ultimate outcome of that universal habit which seems to be becoming every day more prevalent—the dissemination of false information. In both respects it is the more convincing for the author's reticence and fairness in his attitude.

Here was a man, noted for his experience in Arctic and Alpine exploration, dumped in a jungle not only to live off the land, but to try to wrestle a country as large as his own from a determined and ruthless enemy army of tens of thousands, while a friend of his with years' experience of this very country was, as the author quietly points out, put in charge of training ski troops throughout the war. Worse, he went there, as his own utterly frank and modest words clearly show, not only without any knowledge of the real virgin equatorial forest or jungle, but with every conceivable current misconception of it fostered and allowed to be fostered by the ridiculous mouthings, writings, films, broadcasts, and imaginings of all those who have never been in a jungle and of the little nincompoops and frightened idiots who have, but who in turn failed to overcome their own prejudices and see it for what it really is. This gallant patriot and sincere international humanist had to learn the hard way. He did so, and he launched a one-man war against the enemy in accordance with the instructions given him by his apparently hide-bound superiors. What is more, he succeeded.

To one who has spent twenty years off and on in the virgin tropical forests and some considerable time in these Malayan jungles, Chapman's lack of initial knowledge almost provokes one to tears. The simplest things, such as the fact that eating durian fruit encourages ulcers, that native flint and tinder are better than matches, that a machete is worth a thousand revolvers, that wood-rats are better to eat than tinned food and don't have to be carried, and that bare feet are the best footwear for a lone traveler even among leeches, had to be discovered laboriously and often by accident. These discoveries and countless others add much fascination to the book for the layman, and lend great strength to the author's most profound passages.

One of these is his observations upon the vital importance of mental outlook to life in the jungle. With actual cases he demonstrates simply that intelligence and intellect mean the very difference between life and death in such circumstances. Most people will not like this: they had better face it before the next war.

Chapman's opinion of the Chinese is warrantably high, and his feeling about their Communist philosophy and indoctrination is guarded, but forthright and correct for that of a soldier. He gives us clearly a search-lighted view of what went on in abandoned Malaya during the black years of the war and yet he managed to find time to observe birds, collect botanical specimens for Kew Gardens, and write voluminous diaries on the customs of the aboriginal Sakai, with whom he lived for months. Unfortunately, all these priceless documents were lost or captured one way or another.

"Jungle Fighter," by Eli Jacobi.

If any criticism can be leveled at the book, we fear it must be directed at the publishers although they have done an almost pluperfect job of editing—only one, single-letter, typographical error was noted and one wrong date. Four maps are included but they are miserable efforts and do nothing to help one to follow the author's extensive wanderings through countless unknown places. There is no clear over-all map of the Malay Peninsula nor of Malaya as a whole, which will probably be sorely needed in this country. Despite this, the book is magnificent.

All we can ask is that you read it, not only for the good of your soul but for the future security of our country.

Ivan T. Sanderson compiled an anthology called "Animal Tales" and is the producer of radio and television shows about wild life.

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War Book Notes

THE U. S. ARMY IN WORLD WAR II: The Army Ground Forces, by Robert R. Palmer, Bell I. Wiley, and William R. Keast. Government Printing Office, Washington. $4.50. The Army Ground Forces had a serious manpower problem. Almost any service, particularly the air, offered more lure to the man in uniform than did that of the combat infantryman. The popularity of branches of service other than infantry led to the creation of the Combat Infantry Badge, which became one of the most coveted medals of the war, and was a step in the right direction to make the slogging foot-soldier and the folks back home believe there was some truth to the slogan that the infantry really is the "Queen of Battle." This history, written by three historians of the Army Ground Forces' Historical Section, reports the problems of quickly raising a large ground army in a democracy and the methods for making it an effective fighting force against the highly trained, longer established, and battle-experienced enemy forces.

THE U. S. ARMY IN WORLD WAR II: The War in the Pacific, edited by Kent Roberts Greenfield. Government Printing Office. $4.50. This volume tells the Army story of Okinawa. It is the third in the series The United States Army in World War II and the first in the sub-series The War in the Pacific. Like the others in the series, this book, too, was prepared by trained historians taken into the Army to collect material as the war progressed. Many of these historians were in or close to combat and were in position to write as they fought or watched the fighting. I suspect the historians ended the war with much more material than can possibly be used. The book is well fortified with maps, charts, and other illustrations.

The historians give figures comparing American and enemy major losses in the Ryukyu campaign in the three months from April 1 to June 30, 1945. Of personnel, American killed were 12,281; enemy, 110,071. Of planes lost, American 763; enemy, 7,830. Broken down, the enemy losses included 3,605 Army planes, 4,225 Navy planes, and 1,900 suicide planes. The American Navy had thirty-six ships sunk, 368 damaged. The Japanese had sixteen sunk, and four damaged. As the British are fond of saying, "Good show." And as far as I am concerned, I am just as happy to have been in the ETO during this period while the historians were busy getting material for this book.

BOUGAINVILLE AND THE NORTHERN SOLOMONS, by Major John H. Rentz, USMCR. United States Marine Corps, Washington. This is a paper-bound report illustrated with maps and pictures running to 166 pages which tells the Marine story of Bougainville and the Northern Solomons. As General C. B. Cates, commandant of the Marine Corps, states in the foreword, the Marines not only were fighting the Japanese but the jungle. He adds that "it is improbable that Marine units ever faced and defeated such an implacable combination of terrain and hostile opposition."

THE GOLDEN CROSS, by the 33d Infantry Division Historical Committee. Infantry Journal Press, Washington. $7.50. This is a history of the 33d Infantry Division, which saw action in New Guinea, in the Netherlands East Indies, and in the recapture of the Philippines. This is an Illinois National Guard division. In 1933 the then Colonel George Marshall was assigned to the Golden Cross Division as senior instructor. The book gives considerable credit to the man who was to become the wartime Chief of Staff for the training and selection of officers which contributed so much to the quality of the division. In a foreword, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur says of it: "No finer Division has ever fought than the 33d. Its record is long and honorable and fills all Americans with pride and gratification. My confidence in it during the vicissitudes of campaign was complete and it never failed me."

HISTORY OF THE 37th INFANTRY DIVISION, by Stanley A. Frankel. Infantry Journal Press, Washington, D. C. $7.50. The 37th Infantry Division is an Ohio National Guard outfit. Its history is carefully written and well illustrated with pictures and maps and, also like the other division histories, is a memento of the war which every member of the division should cherish.

As General Eisenhower often said during the war, he would not be drawn into making any comparisons of services, the fighting units, or of nationalities because all such comparisons only led to bad feeling. Suffice to say that each division did its best under the circumstances with which it was confronted. And each member of each division is entitled to be proud of his outfit.

—*William J. Gunn, USMC.*

DANGER FORWARD, by H. R. Knickerbocker, Jack Thompson, Jack Bilden, and others, including former officers of the First Army Division. Albert Love Enterprises, Atlanta, Ga. This is a unique history about the famous First Infantry Division, "The Big Red," from Oran in the fall of 1942 to within a few miles of Czechoslovakia in the spring of 1945. It is highly readable because it is a combination of historical reports describing "the situation" at the beginning of each campaign or important battle, and followed by personal accounts written especially for this book by several of the most competent war correspondents and officers. A. J. Liebling has a good piece about the First Division at Saint Lô and Mortain but he seems to have been bothered mostly by mosquitoes. It was Joe Liebling who gave me the best laugh of any of the reviewers who gave my own book, "My Three Years with Eisenhower," the critical eye. He wrote in *The New Yorker* to the effect that "obviously both General Eisenhower and Captain Butcher were frustrated by over rank." At least it wasn't mosquitoes. All the boys have good pieces which makes this book a standout amongst the histories of the divisions. And I am sure every living person who was in the First Division will want it. When I mention "living" members I am thinking of the statistics. On November 8, 1942, when the division went into action at Oran its strength was 14,851. From that date to May 8, 1945, replacements numbered 28,892. Total days in combat were 443, or about every other day, which is a lot of fighting in anybody's war.

FOLLOW ME, by Richard W. Johnston. Random. $6. Here is a beautifully written, illustrated, and printed history of the Second Marine Division. The author is Richard W. Johnston, who, with Robert Sherrod, author of "Tarawa, the Story of a Battle," landed with the original assault and remained with the Marines throughout the battle of Tarawa. Now an assistant foreign editor of *Life*, Mr. Johnston has successfully coupled his knowledge as a member of *Life*'s staff with his experience in combat reporting to give a highly readable and colorful account of this famous Marine division. —HARRY T. BUTCHER.

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On the amorality of book borrowers

BOOK BORROWER

MEN who ordinarily mind their p's and q's and i.o.u.'s are commonly uninhibited by any bond of conscience when it comes to returning a book. Bread upon waters is gilt-edged security compared to your book on a friend's shelf. To the publisher, it sometimes seems that the only books that are ever returned to him are those that he thinks he has sold. Perhaps it is because the intellectual has realised that he is a monarch of all he surveys, and it seems to follow that he is librarian of all he reads.

A book is the most pliant, docile and faithful creature a man can have. A book read is a book possessed, and it seems to be but common loyalty to give shelter to something which has become so willingly a servant of your whims.

In these days of pictorial presentation, the reading of any book — even a book you enjoy — is an exercise in virtue. Furthermore, there are certain special properties to a book. You can't very well lug the television set out in the kitchen while you're waiting for the coffee to perk. You can turn on a good author any time you want, but you can turn on Jack Benny only on Sunday night, and, finally, a book isn't cluttered with ads like this.

BOOK BUYER

Like the now almost obsolete magic carpet, a book does certain things for you that a Lincoln Continental won't do. The magic carpet and the book are your creatures. There's no polygamous allegiance to the mechanic in the garage down the street, or a radio technician in the antipodes. Unlike the radio, the book doesn't cry out with terror if a bolt of lightning interrupts the program.

As a reader of the Saturday Review, your integrity as a borrower is already suspect. The purpose of this article is to advise you concerning a number of recently published books which you may chance to see on a friend's table. We wish you to borrow advisedly for we believe that although all stolen fruits are sweet, some are sweeter than others. On the other hand, if, as a reader, you should find yourself in the position of purchaser of one of these titles, we urge you to write your name indelibly on the first page of the book.

SRL READER

Raymond Chandler's name has long been familiar to S.R.L. readers. He can leave an ice-pick in a cooling corpse as cheerfully as you or I would leave a saucer of warm milk before a kitten. Of course, a lot of reviewers say he's a social reformer at heart and some in England suggest that he's a sort of Shakespeare in modern dress — the new costume seems to be a filed down ice-pick, — but in keeping with our policy of only presenting glowing praise, we deny these allegations and protest that Chandler, though he may be a witch doctor with witch, is a murder mystery writer. You don't get that way by thinking of little babies with faces flushed by sleep and we are sure that Mr. Chandler at his typewriter is as chilly as a cold storage cobra beneath your undershirt. His book **The Little Sister** will make a one-sitting reader look as if he needed defrosting. You won't get anything but blood out of that stone.

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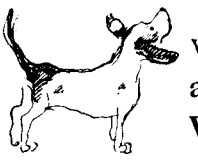
You are now looking at a picture of the Devil. He is the villain of **Mary Mian's** new book **The Merry Miracle.** That is a very bold innovation. The demon lover has always been the hero for most of our best lady novelists. But Mary Mian resists his facile charm and changing heart though he makes a brave play both for Bichette (take a look at her) and for his author. Being frustrated by both, he tries to break up the plot and the miracle all at once in a village where the good townspeople had set up a rest house for saints — a home away from heaven.

DEVIL

BICHETTE

Have you ever wondered what your children will think about the home you're giving them when they grow up and come to write a Life with Pop and Mom? There's a book called **The Only Gift,** just published, which will give a sort of preview. It's a novel by **Jane Eklund.** In a way, it is the first novel by the next generation. It's a subtle perceptive picture of the risks we take with the best of the future — our children.

Some time ago, H. G. Wells wrote a short story called **The Country of the Blind.** It is about a man who came to a hidden valley in the Andes where the populace had lost the power of sight. When he told them about the stars and the color of wild flowers and all the things that couldn't be felt or heard or smelt, the populace made him recant. They could not see these things and knew that they could not be true. **The Country of the Blind** is now the title of a new book. It is a translation of the things that Russians read in school-books, periodicals, even newspapers. It shows how a nation is kept from seeing the things we see. These are articles not meant for export — propaganda for Russians, not for Americans. As you read it you will almost wonder who is blind. It will show you what the blanket of deception can be — a far more dangerous screen than an iron curtain. The translators and commentators are **George S. Counts** and **Nucia Lodge** who gave us **New Russia's Primer** in 1933, a book which in a very different way also revealed the nature of the blanket of deception.



HOUND

Most man-hunt books hunt with the hounds. **The Storm and the Silence,** by **David Walker** runs with the fox. It is the story of a thinking and remembering mind inside a body that becomes the body of a cold, wet, famished animal skulking over the March hills with the baying of death pulled up out of the valley by the night wind.

Except when Bennett Cerf is at the bellows, the trade winds do not blow as steadily as reputed. However, these are straws in one trade wind eddy. Forewarned is forearmed; and as a further inducement to Saturday Review readers to take proper precautions to safeguard their literary property, Houghton Mifflin Company will send an indelible pencil in a solid gold case to any Saturday Review reader who returns to us any one of the above titles which he has purchased and loaned and which has not been returned to him.

HMCO.

Illustrations by Susanne Suba

Houghton Mifflin Company

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Belles-Lettres.

If any single year should see the publication of fourteen books about Shelley or Hawthorne or Maupassant, it would surely be hailed as the Year of Shelley or Hawthorne or Maupassant. Yet so perennial is the interest in Shakespeare that eight books about the Bard of Avon have been published thus far in 1949, with six yet to come. And this is just an average Shakespeare year. Among the volumes still on the promised list, Marchette Chute's "Shakespeare of London" and Donald Stauffer's "Shakespeare's World" merit particular attention. A recently published book a pleasing compound of fact and fiction, is Frank Ernest Hill's "To Meet Will Shakespeare," reviewed below. . . . This year is notable also for its large number of books on the art of writing. The latest—and a most important one—is "Willa Cather on Writing" (see page 37). *For others, turn back to the* SRL *for September 10.*

Stratford Boy on the Boards

TO MEET WILL SHAKESPEARE. By Frank Ernest Hill. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 481 *pp.* $4.

By Oscar James Campbell

THIS book is an entertaining mixture of biography and historical fiction. The author has a thorough acquaintance with the most recent theories about Shakespeare's career and the most reliable interpretations of his works. However, being a poet with a lively imagination, he cannot resist dramatizing the materials of the poet's biography. In this way he evidently hopes to convey to his readers some of the excitement he has felt in discovering the Elizabethan Age and Shakespeare's place in it.

Mr. Hill's excursions into fiction come from a desire to turn dry facts into dramatic moments in the poet's life history. Everyone knows, for example, that about 1587 Shakespeare left Stratford for London, and most of his biographers believe that the reason for his going was a hope of joining one of the newly flourishing theatrical companies in the metropolis. But to Mr. Hill, the bare announcement of so important a piece of information seems dead. It fails to make us realize the importance of the move to a stage-struck young provincial schoolmaster "who had sat or stood to watch them [*i.e.*, the companies of actors who had visited Stratford in growing numbers from 1581 to 1587] perform in the Guild Hall or in one of the inn courtyards."

Among these itinerant actors was Will Kemp, the comedian of the Earl of Leicester's company. Later he became the clown in Shakespeare's company. What better way to dramatize the poet's decision to go to London than to invent a conversation in which Kemp persuades the young man to join his company? So Mr. Hill shows us Shakespeare waiting after the play at the Elizabethan equivalent of a stage door "with quiet confidence" for for a chance to talk with Kemp. When the actor emerges

> Kemp stared at the trim, smiling, persistent young teacher.
> "Eh," he said, "You've a certainty I like, lad.
> Can you make a rhyme? Turn a jest?"
> "So some have said. But you may look at my scribbling yourself and judge what promise it has if any."
> "You'd be only a hired man with us."
> "No matter how I begin."
> The comedian scratched his shaggy head.

There are many imaginary conversations no better than this one. If Mr. Hill comes upon a passage in a play which might reflect the poet's personal experience, he invents the experience which it might reflect. He reads the passage in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" in which Valentine explains to Proteus the temptation to leave home and see the world.

> Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits
> . . . . . .
> I rather would entreat thy company
> To see the wonders of the world abroad
> Than living dully sluggardized at home,
> Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

This passage Mr. Hill assumes is a direct expression of the Stratford boy's longing to escape from the narrow world of his village into the stirring life of London. So he composes a little scene between the fifteen-year-old boy and his mother. She "smiles in her quiet way" because she detects the significance of "the far-away look in his eyes." But the lad cannot phrase his vague uneasiness and yearning. Only years later when he came to picture Valentine's leaving home could he put his adolescent feeling into clear words.

However, the author does go wrong when he writes there were "a few masked women; no honest woman would show her countenance in the playhouse." This is not true and gives a false idea of the average Londoner's attitude toward plays. The wives and daughters of ordinary citizens attended the theatre without scruple. Visitors from the Continent express their astonishment at the large number of women in the audiences at the Globe and other playhouses. However, the author's actual errors are so few and so seldom serious that it would be ungracious to enumerate them.

His opinions are usually sound. He does not accept the discredited tradition of the elder Shakespeare's illiteracy, of the runaway butcher's apprentice, or of the poet's flight from Stratford to avoid prosecution for poaching on the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy. He does not find biography everywhere in Shakespeare's works or originals for the women in the plays or sex-nausea in the dark comedies and the tragedies.

The positive virtues of his critical temper appear in his brief and often excellent characterizations of the plays. And his analyses of the poetry reveal the sensitive ear and technical competence of a poet in his own right.

Mr. Hill has added a valuable postscript to his volume entitled "The Impostors." It embodies the most closely reasoned and cogent argument in print against the misguided souls who attribute the authorship of Shakespeare's works to Bacon, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Oxford, or to some other distinguished Elizabethan lady or gentleman. This postscript gives the *coup de grâce* to the perverse detractors of William Shakespeare. The whole book is written with Elizabethan dash and verve. It is a pity that the author's too frequent excursions into jejune fiction obscure the many virtues of "To Meet Will Shakespeare."

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Learning to Write & Then Unlearning

WILLA CATHER ON WRITING. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 126 pp. $2.25.

By Norman Holmes Pearson

IN "Willa Cather on Writing" her publishers have brought together a slender but excellent collection of her published comments both on her own writing and that of a few others. The volume is slender not because of editorial selection but because Miss Cather's energy was devoted to her own imaginative writing rather than to any self-conscious development of an esthetic of fiction. What we have instead are perceptive comments on such of her own novels as "Death Comes for the Archbishop," "Shadows on the Rock," "The Professor's House," "Alexander's Bridge," and "O Pioneers!" Turning for various reasons to the work of other writers, she wrote prefaces to Sarah Orne Jewett, who was her *cher maître*, to Gertrude Hall's translations of Wagner, to a volume of Stephen Crane, and to Defoe's "The Fortunate Mistress." Brief essays on "Escapism," "On the Art of Fiction," and her already well-known "The Novel Démeublé" are more general in scope, as is the fragmentary "Light on Adobe Walls," which is the only selection to appear for the first time in print.

There are no formulas to be found. The volume will hardly find its way as a textbook of elementary "creative" writing, though it is not outside the uses of instruction. "The novelist must learn to write, and then must unlearn it," she says. Her commentaries come after her completion of this process, and are correspondingly unschooled. That another process may result in "a good story or a good novel" she admits, but she qualifies her judgment by the restrictive "merely." The unimaginative result is "merely a good story or a good novel." As a one-time editor of *McClure's* she doubtless had reason to know the difference. As a writer she struck out to overcome the difference.

Her accomplishment was, as everyone knows, one of great distinction. But the totality did not conform to type, and she was constantly badgered by critics who insisted on classifying her work. Somewhat like scientists, the critics were happiest when they could group. Those who began to think of her novels in terms of the somewhat sprawling design of such "novels of the soil" as "My Antonia" were forced to cope with the formal tightness of "A Lost Lady," and then confronted with experiments in rythmic mood like "Death Comes for the Archbishop." The common critical denominator of her period being chiefly that of conformity to detailed realism and social responsibility, the critics who played by rule called her progress one of "escape." She herself thought of each variant as an "honest try." "And surely you'll agree with me that our writers experiment too little, and produce their own special brand too readily."

The effect of such criticism of her work is to be found in whatever she herself has to say in turn. The cardinal sin of a writer is over-documentation. The basis of a great novel is the reliance of the novelist on his own imaginative powers to create a felt and unique ordering of "the experience and emotions of a group of people by the light of his own." "Rightly" is all, and it can be applied only particularly, in terms of the barriers and limitations of the distinct problem at the artist's hand. Any other method only superimposes artificiality or reportage. This concept of individualism in art denies the relevance of "escapism" and puts her conclusions not too distant from the essence of what E. M. Forster has to say in his recent defense of "Art for Art's Sake." Her *aperçus*, in which the present volume is rich, follow from this.

Since Miss Cather specifically prohibited the publication of her letters, we are not likely to have more than "Willa Cather on Writing" to represent her precise views on that subject. Her reticence about the art of fiction was as characteristic as her reticence with respect to her own life. Writing of Stephen Crane, she speaks of his "very meager tradition among 'literary people.'" "Had he been more expansive at coffee-houses and luncheon clubs where his art was intelligently discussed, had he even talked about his own tales among a few friends, or writtten a few papers about his works for reviews, what a convenience for Thomas Beer! But there is every evidence that he was a reticent and unhelpful man, with no warmhearted love of giving out opinions. His ideal, apparently, was 'just plain, pure, unsauced accomplishment!'" Though there was certainly less occasion for biographical reticence on Miss Cather's part than on Crane's, and she has indeed written these few papers, their ideals seem to have been similar. Perhaps Miss Cather was thinking about herself when she wrote this, giving Crane's experience and emotions by the light of her own. Her method of creating fiction followed over into her criticism. The result is still a form of criticism, however, and not only the admirers of Miss Cather but also the writers of writing will find much to profit from in the little she was willing to say.

Willa Cather (at her Bay of Fundy cottage)—"no formulas to be found."

In a devoted and pleasantly written introduction to the volume, Stephen Tennant has managed to present inevitable truisms respecting the greater interest to the world when "viewed by a subtle and invigorating mind that deals summarily with the inessentials, and lays bare in all their fascination and glory the great truths, the deathless power that is in man, and in his irreducible and ever changing eternity." One can hardly argue. But the best explication of Miss Cather's attitude towards writing is, after all, to be found in the novels themselves, and one can only hope that her publishers will follow up their interest in her critical observations by making such works as "A Lost Lady" and "The Professor's House" again available in print. It would be a splendid tribute.

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Humanitarian and Poet

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER: Friend of Man. By John A. Pollard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 615 pp. $6.

By Robert E. Spiller

TO BE a poet a half century and more ago, one had to have a long white beard and a benign disposition. Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier met the standard; Lowell and Whitman almost did; Emerson and Holmes fell short. To write a sympathetic biography of such a poet in these days of Cantos and Quartets is indeed an achievement. The very traits as man and poet that made Whittier honored and beloved in his later years—his homespun simplicity and his naive faith—make him now seem almost old-fashioned. The most recent full-length biography (1933) met the problem by psychoanalyzing the poet's celibacy and chronic illnesses, but even that fashion is now outmoded. Apparently the pendulum of taste is swinging back to a more just appraisal of the saints and heroes of our past. By avoiding all psychological and critical issues and accepting Whittier's own verdict that he was more interested in people than in poetry—that his was "merely the farm wagon and buckboard of verse"—Mr. Pollard has painted a living portrait of a great man.

His biography gets off to a bad start, but whether the fault is his or Whittier's would be hard to say. To read the first twelve chapters is something close to an ordeal. Painstakingly we follow the day-by-day course of a farm boy and small-town newspaper editor; then that of a single-minded crusader for a long-settled cause, Abolition. The tedium is not even relieved by insights into the deeper political issues of pre-Civil-War times, for Whittier himself was a humanitarian rather than a political thinker, and his admirable singleness of mind results in a toneless narrative, written in a dull and often repetitious style. Nor does poetry liven the page, for Mr. Pollard's only critical comment is that concern for a cause somewhat took Whittier out of himself and gave a firmness to his poetry that it had previously lacked. If this were all there were to the book, we might lay it aside as a monograph by an inexperienced researcher who had his job and did it conscientiously. It would add to our knowledge of fact rather than to our pleasure or understanding.

The wise reader will skip directly to Chapter 13 and lose little of value, for at that point both poet and biographer seem to mature and mellow. The year is 1864, when the war was over, Whittier's mother and sister dead, "Snowbound" in the making, and still almost three decades of living ahead. Then the poet must have grown his beard, for his wise humanitarian spirit suddenly ripens into something more than a cause. Then also the biographer changes, he begins to speak as a man in full control of a subject that he has lived with long and grown to understand. Not only does he lay aside his chronological method for a freer topical treatment, but he writes with a smoothness and spring which were sadly lacking before. Are there two books here, or one? If there are two, the second is complete in itself—a warmly sympathetic study of "Whittier, friend of man" and only incidentally poet. The result is as good an appraisal of Whittier's value to the twentieth-century reader as could be found.

Robert E. Spiller, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is an editor of "The Literary History of the United States" and author of "Fenimore Cooper, Critic of His Time."

— Bettmann Archive.

John Greenleaf Whittier—"merely the farm wagon and buckboard of verse."

Belles-Lettres Notes

GLEE-WOOD, translated and arranged by Margaret Williams. Sheed & Ward. $6. This fascinating book is the gift of a learned woman to readers less learned—at least in Middle English—than herself. In "Word-Hoard" Margaret Williams turned the translator's light on Old English literature. Now, working from manuscripts as before, and bringing many passages into modern language for the first time, she performs the same service for the literature which appeared in England between the Norman Conquest and Caxton's conquest. Neither Chaucer nor Langland, of course, could be excluded from such an anthology, and we may be grateful to the translator for giving as much space as she has to the Pearl poet with his acknowledged masterpiece, "Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight." But most of her selections, usually fragmentary, have nothing to do with masterpieces, and, as often as not, are the work of anonymous authors. They are valuable, apart from their intrinsic literary quality and for what they have to tell us about our literary origins, because they open so many windows on so many different aspects of English medieval life—a scene which is constantly illumined by editorial explanation—and as we read we realize that a sense of human solidarity can traverse centuries as easily, or with as much difficulty, as it can span seas and continents.

—Ben Ray Redman.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL LECTURES OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, edited by Kathleen Coburn. Philosophical Library. $7.50. In the winter of 1818 Coleridge delivered a course of fourteen lectures on the history of philosophy from its earliest beginnings in Greece to his own day. In his thorough and systematic analysis he attempted to reconcile philosophy and metaphysics with religion, to show that the various philosophical movements arose to meet various social, human needs. The course of lectures was not too well attended, perhaps because he also gave in the same season his popular series on Shakespeare. The whole series of lectures on philosophy, except for the first and the fourteenth, was taken down *verbatim* by a stenographer hired by a friend of Coleridge's, and the transcript is the basis of Miss Coburn's conscientious and efficient edition. It is unique in being the only verbatim record of any of his courses of lectures. They do not make easy reading because of his prodigious and ill-concealed learning, his tendency to digress, and his turgid style. Besides, they lack the grace and persuasiveness that radiated from one of the greatest talkers in English letters. But they are important for an understanding of the great poet who was half metaphysician and half bard.

—Robert Halsband.

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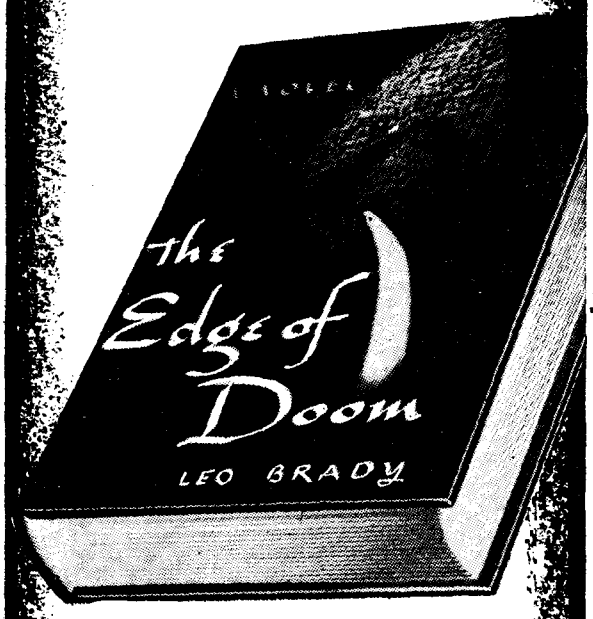

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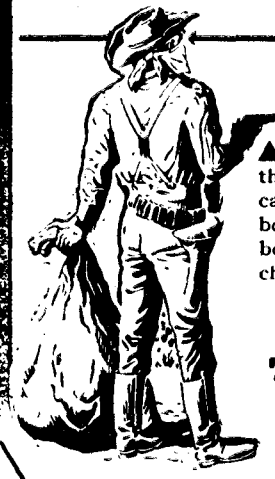

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The World.

America has never been happy as a ruler of conquered provinces. Should she attempt to convert them to democracy or withdraw as rapidly as seems becoming? She has usually played the schoolmaster in colonial areas, but quickly cleared out of formerly sovereign nations. Now that she has Germany and Japan on her hands, her policy has been fumbling and irresolute. Freda Utley's "The High Cost of Vengeance" [SRL Aug. 13] proposed that we make Germany a partner in the struggle against Communism; the idea is sharply contested and other courses suggested in Delbert Clark's "Again the Goose Step" (reviewed below). To the shelf of first-rate works on Japan and the Orient, alongside Lattimore and Lauterbach, add Mary A. Nourse's "Ferment in the Far East" as a compendium of useful data.

The Enemy of an Enemy

AGAIN THE GOOSE STEP. By Delbert Clark. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 279 pp. $3.

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

AT a moment when Dorothy Thompson, Freda Utley, and William Henry Chamberlin are urging Washington to make Western Germany a full partner, it is fortunate that Delbert Clark is telling Americans just what sort of political bedfellows the West-Germans would become.

"Again the Goose Step" is the description of the failure of our military occupation in Germany by a man who witnessed two years of it.

The cold war has split American writers on Germany into two major schools—those so conscious of the Soviet danger that they take any anti-Communist to their bosoms; those who are so conscious of German depravity that they refuse to face the real danger from Russia.

Mr. Clark is neither of these. Like Louis Fischer before him, he insists that honest democrats must maintain a "double refusal." They must refuse to condone Fascism because of the Communist danger or to minimize the threat of Soviet Russia because of their justified dislike of Nazism.

To act otherwise would be to make the same mistake for the third time—the mistake of thinking that the enemy of an enemy is a dependable friend. In the Thirties, the democratic world feared Stalin—and almost handed the world to Hitler. During World War II, democrats fought Hitler—and let Stalin run amok without serious interference. Now Mr. Clark demonstrates that we are again favoring an entirely unregenerate Germany as a protection against an aggressive Soviet Union. The result—unless we take greater precautions—may be even more tragic this third time.

The Germans are unregenerate. Why, Mr. Clark asks, should they be otherwise? Obviously, they could not change the anti-democratic, aggressive traditions of 150 years overnight. This ought to have been accepted as the basic fact by the Allied occupants of conquered Germany.

Whether or not four-power military occupation of the beaten Third Reich would have succeeded if the four wartime Allies had continued to work in harmony is anyone's guess. Personally, I doubt if it could have. The Russians were bound to make their zone as Communistic as possible—and hide this under their definition of democracy. The three Western powers sought to make Germany democratic in the dictionary sense. This division offered dangerous possibilities of political maneuver to any united group of nearly seventy million highly competent people.

For this reason, it seems to me, the democracies should have welcomed Soviet insistence on dividing Germany in fact. For it increased their chance of making the Western two-thirds safe for democracy and thereby the whole of Germany harmless. As Mr. Clark says, "The excuse that our betrayal of primary American interests in Germany was forced on us by the cold war with the Soviet Union won't hold water." For that betrayal was accomplished in the vain hope that, by forgetting and forgiving, a thoroughly nationalistic and largely Nazi people could be transformed into a reliable ally.

Once we recognized that agreement with Moscow was impossible, three logical choices were open to the democracies: 1) stay in Germany and govern it ourselves as long as the world remained divided into hostile camps; or 2) set up a rigorously pro-Western German government and keep it in power by Allied force; or 3) first destroy German war potential, place the economic and political levers in reasonably safe hands, bring West-Germany under the North Atlantic Pact and into a united West-Europe, where it could play only a

—*Wide World*

Changing the guard—"jack-booted young toughs, singing 'Deutschland ueber Alles.'"

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minor role—and only then, restore the administration of the country to the West-Germans.

None of these three would have depended for success on making the Germans democratic. That was a high goal and it should have been sought. But there was in Germany—Professor James Pollock and ex-Representative Charles LaFollette notwithstanding—no German political party or large group that was not infected with the nationalism that fathered Hitler.

All of the three choices suggested offered a chance of keeping the Germans both agreeably weak and anti-Russian.

Instead of selecting one, American (and British and French) authorities practised an unconvincing and ineffective hodgepodge. The result, as Mr. Clark says, was that

> Four years after the surrender of Germany, American correspondents were writing dispatches about jack-booted young toughs, marching in political parades and singing "Deutschland ueber Alles"; about the recapture of the school system by the Nazi teachers; about the restoration of Germany's highly integrated industry to its old managers; about the unashamed resurgence of anti-Semitism; about the Nazis in key positions in the police force.
>
> These things did not just happen ... It might have been otherwise. We and the British and the French had our chance.

The reasons stated or suggested by Mr. Clark for the American part of the failure are many and complicated. In the first place, as he demonstrates, democratic hucksters who wanted at the same time to make money and rule and be loved, could not be impressive occupants and educators.

Few Americans in Germany had any real understanding of the Germans. Of them all, the Army probably knew the least. Mr. Clark implies that the State Department was better informed. But though he properly lays most responsibility for our failure on General Lucius Clay, he fails to explain why Clay's political adviser, the pliant and ambitious Ambassador Robert Murphy, did not either interfere successfully or quit.

Yet the chief reason for the American failure—as Mr. Clark insists—was the childlike American faith that to win the cold war we need a "strong and productive" Germany on our side. Here lies the motive for our putting German industrial production ahead of democratic safety and valuing anti-Communism more than common decency.

The picture of American occupation so far is one of wobble and blur. Unless it can be changed, the results may be grim.

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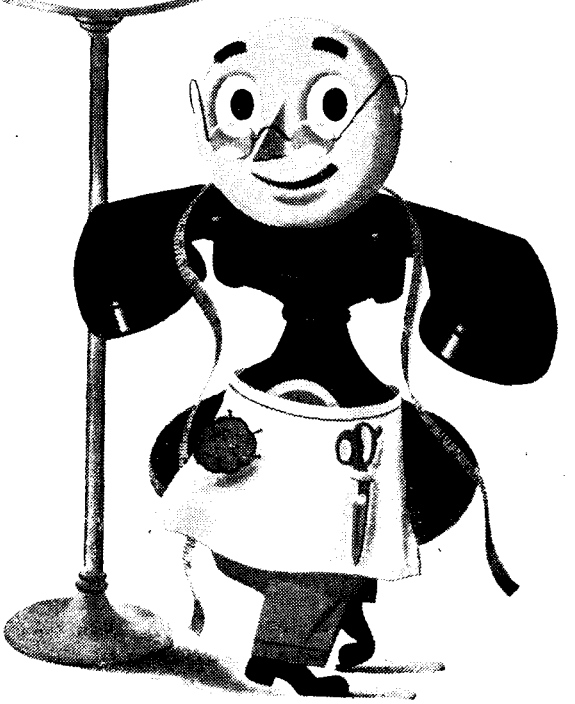

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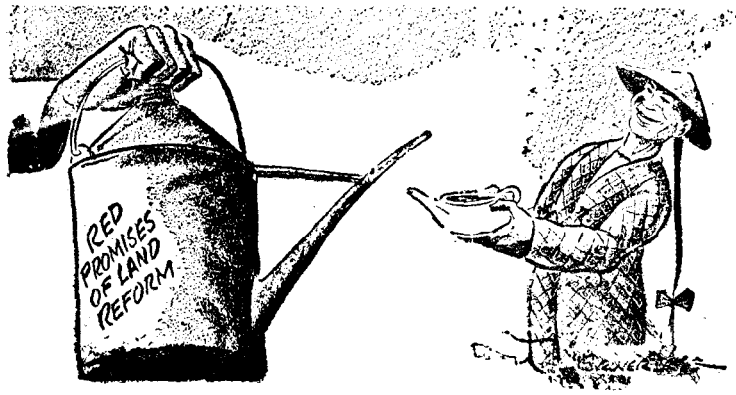

—*Page in* The Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Oily Words."

One-Third of a World

FERMENT IN THE FAR EAST. By Mary A. Nourse. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 336 pp. $3.75.

By Richard E. Lauterbach

IN "Ferment in the Far East" Mary A. Nourse has set herself the task of telling the lay reader about one-third of the world's population: their political and military history plus something of their religion, philosophy, art, and customs. To cram so much into one volume (and without footnotes) is an almost impossible assignment and, all considered, the author has done a remarkable job of synthesis. Occasionally she has had to telescope events dangerously or resort to sweeping generalizations. But few of them do violence to Miss Nourse's effort at balanced interpretation.

To relate the history of the Far East with the current world situation —and to aid our better understanding of both—the author has divided the book into three major sections. "China's One World" describes the inception of civilization in East Asia and China's rise to cultural dominance in that area until, under the Ming Dynasty, Japan challenged it. "Infiltration of the West into the East," is an interesting account of early European contacts with the Orient from the sixteenth century, of the period of active colonization, and of the eventual emergence of Japan as a claimant to world power. "Duality of Independence and Interdependence" surveys East Asian postwar problems in relation to nationalism, revolution, the cold war, and the United Nations.

In this last part there is a history lesson for Washington's Far East experts, especially those concerned with the tactical and practical application of President Truman's "Point Four" program. "From China to Indonesia there is social ferment," Miss Nourse writes. "A most effective effort for peace in the Far East would be to champion the aspirations of these young struggling republics and help them to stabilize themselves through economic and social progress." The operative verb here is "champion"; we cannot, and history tells why, expect to underwrite a return to the *status quo ante* with dollars. The task of American statesmanship, as Miss Nourse sees it, is to help satisfy the Far East's dual desires of independence and interdependence, preferably through the United Nations.

The author is least successful with her simplifications when she attempts to project her book into the immediate future, whether it be on the outcome of the next Philippine election or on what's ahead for Korea. The final paragraph on the Chinese Civil War will serve as an example:

> What events in China mean to the world is still in doubt. Will China set up a Nationalist-Communist regime, or one dictated from Moscow? Imperialism is not dead in Russia, and China would be a rich prize, though a difficult one to manage.

In her handling of the past Miss Nourse has skilfully put together the essential background for a vast area virtually unknown in the United States. The unobstrusive style, with its lack of color, helps to take the age-old mystery out of the Orient. This reviewer agrees with Alice Tisdale Hobart who writes in a foreword to "Ferment in the Far East" that "no other book . . . weaves together the history of all these countries of Eastern Asia. . . ." As such it is a useful, informative primer and a valuable contribution.

Richard E. Lauterbach is author of "Danger from the East" and other books.

Tiger of Malaya

THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA. By A. Frank Reel. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 323 pp. $4.

By Newman Levy

THIS is an absorbing and important book. It is the story of the trial and conviction as a war criminal of General Yamashita, the Tiger of Malaya, told by the young American Army captain who was assigned as one of the counsel for the defense.

Yamashita had earned his sobriquet by his brilliant conquest in 1942 of Singapore, forcing the surrender of a British force of 100,000 troops with an army of only 30,000 Japanese. Thereafter, due to political and military jealousies, he was relegated to minor posts until, in October 1944, when the American occupation of the Philippines became imminent, he was placed in command of the Japanese troops in the Philippine Islands.

It soon was apparent that he could not long hope to hold out in Manila. After the Americans landed at Leyte Yamashita withdrew to the mountains of Luzon, leaving in the city a small detachment of soldiers and a larger body of naval troops which was not under his command.

Thereafter there ensued an orgy of murder, pillage, and rape in Manila. In the mountains, the Filipinos who, encouraged by the approach of the Americans, were waging guerilla warfare against their conquerors, were ruthlessly massacred by the Japanese. As the Americans drew closer to Manila all civilized restraint disappeared and hell reigned in the city.

After the Japanese surrender Yamashita came down from the mountains and gave himself up to his conquerers. He was placed under arrest and shortly thereafter put on trial before an American military commission as the first of the war criminals. This trial and its aftermath are the subject of this book.

The Yamashita case was the first of the war-crime trials. There was no precedent in history or law. The formal charge, which was short and simple, accused General Yamashita of unlawfully disregarding and failing "to discharge his duty as commander to control the operations of his command, permitting them to commit brutal atrocities and other high crimes against the people of the United States and of its allies. . . ."

In other words, General Yamashita was accused of something that had never been a crime before. There was no charge that he personally ordered

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or sanctioned the atrocities, and it should be said here that two Justices of the United States Supreme Court who later studied the record declared that there was no evidence that he knew or approved of them.

The prosecution was based upon the unprecedented theory of "command responsibility"; that is, that a commanding officer is personally liable for the behavior of his troops even if the military situation is such that he cannot control them, and even if he does not know what they are doing. If communications are destroyed and the army is reduced to a state of chaos by the effectiveness of the successful enemy, which was what happened here, that's just too bad for the commanding general. It is an engaging idea but a new one.

It should be borne in mind that unlike the Nuremberg trials, which were held under international auspices, this was an American trial, held on American territory, before an American tribunal, and presumably under the rules of American jurisprudence.

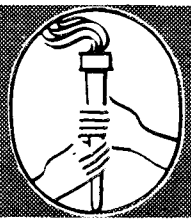
It is this which makes Captain Reel's narrative so disturbing to those who cherish our traditional ideals of justice and fair play. For no one reading this book can fail to be convinced that the elementary legal safeguards which we place about the humblest offenders were not granted to a fallen enemy in a case of great historic importance.

The case was tried before a military commission consisting of three major generals and two brigadier generals, none of whom was a lawyer. They acted under the rules promulgated by their superior officer, General MacArthur, which virtually rescinded the rules of evidence and authorized them to admit such evidence "as in the Commission's opinion would have probative value in the mind of a reasonable man."

Under this astonishing directive all sorts of hearsay, gossip, and rumor, even a motion picture, were admitted against the accused. Captain Reel as a lawyer is understandably bitter against the Commission, but one should not entirely condemn a tribunal that was bound by professional subservience to a superior officer and at the same time was totally ignorant of the techniques that our jurisprudence has evolved to elicit the truth from witnesses.

The rituals of a trial were observed faithfully. The defendant was granted counsel to represent him. Four officers who had been lawyers in civilian life were appointed, and from Captain Reel's impassioned but at the same time modest account of their battle

(*Continued on page 59*)



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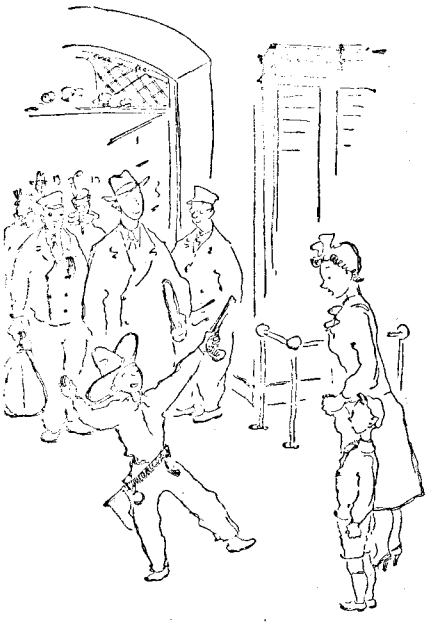
Personal History. *Since the success of Clarence Day's "Life with Father" grownups' recollections of their childhood and their parents have proved nearly as reliable a publishers' staple as cookbooks and guides to peace of mind and of soul. Such nostalgic items as Gilbreth's and Carey's "Cheaper by the Dozen" and Gladys Taber's "Especially Father" have been delighting thousands of readers this season. Now* SRL*'s own John Mason Brown has worked the trick in reverse, with a father's report on parenthood and children. He has gathered the charming essays which appeared in his* SEEING THINGS *column into a volume called "Morning Faces." . . . While gathering facts for the captions that go under the pictures in* Life, *Winthrop Sargeant has rubbed elbows with many celebrities, musical, artistic and cinematic. He comments on them entertainingly in "Geniuses, Goddesses, and People"* (page 46).



—*Illustrations from the book.*

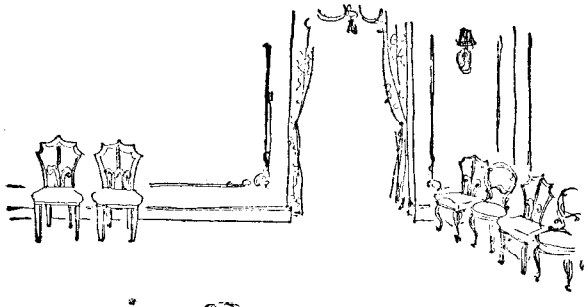
Blue Jays in a Brown Study

MORNING FACES. By John Mason Brown. New York: Whittlesey House. 187 *pp.* $2.50.

By DAVID MCCORD

EVEN if we did not know that the author of "Morning Faces" had recently made portable the works of Charles Lamb, this book would tell us that he is a disciple of Elia. It would tell us that because its style is a curious blend of delight and sadness. "Morning Faces" is all about children and parents. The children are not dream children, as in the case of Lamb: they are the author's two boys. The seventeen essays in the book report the more important private and public aspects of childhood over a period of four years. "Some readers," says Mr. Brown in a prefatory note, "may be confused by the changing ages of my sons in the following pages. Over those changes I have had no control. My boys were four and eight when these records of childhood and parenthood were begun. Since that was four years ago, they are now, somewhat inescapably, eight and twelve."

On the surface and in fact this inclines to be a jolly book, much in the spirit of Mr. Brown's other adventures on the speaking platform and on the operating table. But it would be both a mistake and a disservice to review it as simply a lighthearted contribution in the vanishing field of the familiar essay. There are in places, and for the length of two or three essays, depths of understanding of the human spirit and the relation between childhood and adult life which are far removed from the area of laughter. I should be sorry for any reader of "Morning Faces" who could not laugh; but I should be sorrier still for the reader unmoved at one point or another to the verge of tears.



No follower of this literary journal has to be told that Mr. Brown is a great humanist. He is also a close observer, a devastating reporter, a tough-minded sentimentalist, and a remarkable, if somewhat helpless, father. He does not move in the Christopher Robin circle, and the boys are clearly not Christopher Robins, though at one or two points they appear as Christopher Blue Jays. Indeed—and I think Mr. Brown has done this wilfully—he has not assigned any definite traits to the older boy not also implicit in the younger. The language of one is the language of the other. Except for altered reactions owing to their difference in age, they are somewhat identical as brothers; as was Lamb on another occasion, I was at times "in doubt which of them stood there before me." The reader gathers that Mr. Brown is merely playing safe, and that when these youngsters are grown they will not regret the hilarious and wistful parts they played in the Brown laboratory. One is glad for their sakes that they have been guardedly referred to in print simply as the boys, or my sons, or individually as he.

Yet the book is anything but reticent. It is frank and simple and swift—too swift, almost, for the brevity of the whole. Mr. Brown has a chapter on reading aloud: a lost art if there ever was one. Perhaps this book will start a revival in reading aloud for, save where it falls into the hands of a fortunate monk or a hermit, the offstage laughter will have to be explained. I have no doubt at all that this will be Mr. Brown's most popular success to date.

On the light-hearted side, the chapters describing the birthday party, the summer camp, dancing school, and the trip to Colorado are little classics of their kind. Youth, apart from its modern paraphernalia of comics, radio, movies, and the like, is apparently much what it was when

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Mr. Brown and I were boys. Certainly birthday parties are no different in the extent and variety of their crises and horror; and dancing school is the same group torture, though the passing of the Eton collar (I must suppose it has vanished) somewhat waters my personal sympathy for the male participant. What was ever better than this? "When a boy and girl had achieved that twosome deemed necessary for ballroom dancing, they would apply themselves soberly to the sober business at hand. They would reach for one another much as redcaps reach for suitcases."

Mr. Brown quite naturally says next to nothing of the loneliness of childhood, for where there are two I suppose it cannot be very lonely; but in his account of seeing "The Yearling" he touches quite beautifully on that greater loneliness when the parent cannot reach the child. All of us carry our childhood with us to the grave, and I believe it is the one great lustrum that conditions our adult lives: whatever we have of idealism, whatever we know of sacrifice, our sense of wonder undispelled. "Morning Faces" in the more serious essays—"Three Men and a Boat," "Sick List," and above all in a strangely haunting one called "The Long Shadow"—touches on this look of everlastingness, and has something fresh and new to say about it. Take this: "Change—any change—is for them not only a hint of death but a form of dying. The happier they are, the truer this is. They want the minutes dunked in fixative."

I should have said, perhaps, that the book is accordion-pleated. It moves agreeably in and out of the light of humor and the shadow of philosophy. Bright as it certainly is, the author's description of a boy's room is a précis of the true essay. And the way from cover to cover is strewn with epigrams: "We rob tomorrow's memories by today's economies."

A dramatic critic here and elsewhere has given the familiar essay a needed dose of castor oil. And I trust he won't mind if I say that his hero, Mr. Lamb, could have done with a little of it too. "Children are apt to enjoy proofs of discipline in others," says Mr. Brown. I take it as a hint. I have said more than is needed. It is enough to suggest that childhood is mysterious—and so, in many ways, is this delightful volume.

David McCord, executive secretary of the Harvard Fund Council, edited "The Pocket Book of Humorous Verse" and is the author of several volumes of poetry including "And What's More" and "What Cheer."

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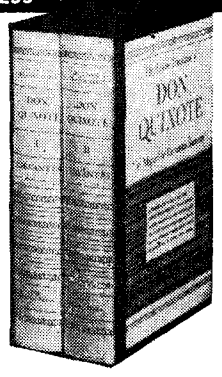

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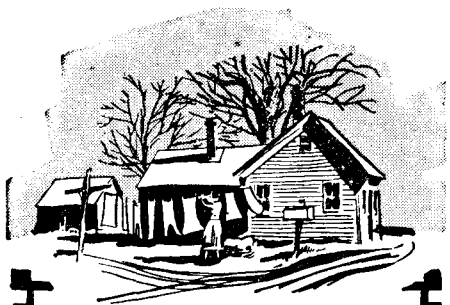

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Chatter About Personalia Plus

GENIUSES, GODDESSES, AND PEOPLE. By Winthrop Sargeant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 317 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

IN the first part, the objectively semi-autobiographical part, of this lucid commentary, Mr. Sargeant answers a question that must frequently have troubled even the most casual reader of musical criticism, to wit: What is there the critic can actually say about the playing of a pianist, a violinist, or a bassoonist beyond the fact that it is good or bad? That problem, it appears, has long obsessed the critics themselves. Mr. Sargeant, who himself has written musical criticism in his time, bemoans "the dreadful lack of synonyms in the English language," and continues:

> After you had said, simply, and for the hundredth time, "Horowitz's playing of Brahms's Second Piano Concerto was brilliant" (which it was to the point of uniformity), you began casting about for some other way of saying the same thing. What you brought up in your hopeful quest of variety has long since transformed the literary style of music criticism into one of the most peculiar jargons that ever passed for English. Horowitz's "playing" became Horowitz's "performance," then Horowitz's "interpretation." Then it began ranging toward the purple penumbra. Horowitz's "traversal," "discourse," "portrayal," "discoursal," "depiction," "revelation," "disclosure," "unveiling," and "propoundment" successively enriched the critical vocabulary. Finally, and terribly, sentences like "Horowitz's advertisement of the Brahms concerto was replete with tonal splendor and digital excellence" would mark the ultimate limits of stylistic fragrance.

Much of Mr. Sargeant's penetrating, illuminating, and highly entertaining observations are concerned with specific personalities in the world of art in its multitude of manifestations. There are two conductors, two architects, two instrumentalists, one singer, one movie actress, and one painter.

One of the instrumentalists is Robert Kiesow, who, as cymbal player with the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, receives the highest pay per note of any member of that organization—his cymbals are made by the current heir of an Armenian family who have kept the secret of manufacture since 1623 (the contemporary representative lives in Quincy, Massachusetts).

The painter is Joe Gatto, American primitive, ex-pugilist, reader of Westerns, speaker of "pure Manhattanese," and exemplar of a vanishing race, for "it is not only difficult to be a primitive; it is very difficult to remain one."

The movie actress is Rita Hayworth, born Marguerita Carmen Cansino in a New York hospital just before the Armistice that ended an earlier war. Mr. Sargeant sketches her rise with an eye for its broader anthropomorphic implications, and, when he settles down to discussing her as an individual, makes her a likable person who tries hard to please, is shy about entertaining, is completely lacking in temperament, calls all the studio carpenters and extra girls by their first names, reads heavy books, and underscores words that she has to look up.

Her marriage to Aly Khan came too near publication date to allow Mr. Sargeant more than a three-line footnote, but the footnote is pertinent to the text—the bridegroom is "a man whose position in the Mohammedan religious hierarchy equals Rita's in the American."

The other personalities discussed are Toscanini, Frank Lloyd Wright, Ezio Pinza, Sir Thomas Beecham, Bernard Maybeck, and Arthur Rubinstein.

All of the presentations are rich with anecdote, but they are much more than mere strings of chatter and personalia. They are never profound (and are never intended to be), but they are revealing, competent, and important. They are also excellent reading.

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(Continued from page 18)

"My Old Kentucky Home," by Elliot Paul.
"W. C. Fields," by Robert Lewis Taylor (Doubleday).
"Maupassant," by Francis Steegmuller.
"Global Mission," by General H. H. Arnold.

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"The Primitive," by Feike Feikema.
"The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters.
"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson.
"A Rage to Live," by John O'Hara.
"Magister Ludi," by Hermann Hesse.

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Minneapolis Star and Tribune

General

"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher.
"Maupassant," by Francis Steegmuller.
"Women Are Here to Stay," by Agnes Rogers.
"Lydia Pinkham Is Her Name," by Jean Burton.
"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet.

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"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Sloane).
"Killers of the Dream," by Lillian Smith.
"The Show Must Go On," by Elmer Rice (Viking).

MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS
Nashville Banner

General

"The Hours and the Ages," by Edward Nicholas.
"Autobiography," by Johann von Goethe.
"My Indian Son-in-Law," by Hilda Wernher (Doubleday).
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(Continued on page 48)

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(*Continued from page 47*)

MAX HERZBERG
Newark (N. J.) Evening and Sunday News

General

"Little Treasury of American Prose," edited by George Mayberry (Scribner's).
"The Aspirin Age," by Isabel Leighton.
"The Purple Shamrock," by Joseph F. Dinneen (Norton).
"F. D. R.—My Boss," by Grace Tully.
"The Conquerors," by Thomas B. Costain (to be published Oct. 14 by Doubleday).

Fiction

"Live with Lightning," by Mitchell Wilson.
"Mary," by Sholem Asch.
"A Rage to Live," by John O'Hara.
"The Show Must Go On," by Elmer Rice.
"The Passionate Journey," by Irving Stone.

ELSIE BEAUCHAMP
New Orleans Times Picayune

General

"Frenchmen, Desire, Good Children and Other Streets of New Orleans," by John Chase (Robert L. Crager & Co., New Orleans).
"The Waters of Siloe," by Thomas Merton.
"W. C. Fields," by Robert Lewis Taylor.
"Where My Shadow Falls," by Leon Turrou (Doubleday).
"A Writer's Notebook," by W. Somerset Maugham.

Fiction

"The Mudlark," by Theodore Bonnet.
"The Edge of Doom," by Leo Brady (Dutton).
"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty.
"The Lily and the Leopard," by Alice Harwood.
"The Stumbling Stone," by Aubrey Mennen (Scribner's).

VICTOR P. HASS
Omaha World Herald

General

"The Blue Field," by John Moore.
"No Banners, No Bugles," by Edward Ellsberg.
"Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett (Viking).
"Jews in Transition," by Albert Gordon (to be published Oct. 26 by University of Minnesota Press).
"Coast Calendar," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters.
"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow.
"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz (Scribner's).
"Fraternity Village," by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Primitive," by Feike Feikema.

JOHN D. PAULUS
The Pittsburgh Press

General

"Global Mission," by General H. H. Arnold.
"Why Jesus Died," by Pierre van Paassen.
"The Waters of Siloe," by Thomas Merton.
"Lead, Kindly Light," by Vincent Sheean.
"The Vital Center," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

Fiction

"Mary," by Sholem Asch.
"Eight April Days," by Scott Hart.
"The Crack in the Column," by George Weller (Random).
"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"Family Fortunes," by Gwen Davenport (Doubleday).

ALICE HACKETT
Publishers' Weekly

General

"This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt.
"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher.
"The Vital Center," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
"Killers of the Dream," by Lillian Smith.
"The Fireside Cook Book," by James A. Beard (Simon & Schuster).

Fiction

"The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.
"Mary," by Sholem Asch.
"The Long Love," by John Sedges (John Day).
"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"The Show Must Go On," by Elmer Rice.

THOMAS B. SHERMAN
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

General

"Willa Cather on Writing," by Willa Cather (Knopf).
"Out of My Life and Thought," by Albert Schweitzer (Holt).
"Lead, Kindly Light," by Vincent Sheean.
"Geniuses, Goddesses, and People," by Winthrop Sargeant (Dutton).
"A Mencken Crestomathy," by H. L. Mencken (Knopf).

Fiction

"Nineteen Eighty-Four," by George Orwell.
"Love in a Cold Climate," by Nancy Mitford (Random).
"The Last Enchantments," by Robert Liddell (Appleton-Century-Crofts).
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SUZANNE MARTIN
Seattle Post-Intelligencer

General

"Sketch for a Self-Portrait," by Bernard Berenson (Pantheon).
"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet.
"Till Fish Us Do Part," by Beatrice Gray Cook (Morrow).
"The Doctor Wears Three Faces," by Mary Bard (Lippincott).
"The Case of General Yamashita," by A. Frank Reel.

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"Two Worlds and Their Ways," by Ivy Compton-Burnett (Knopf).
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"Stranger in the Land," by Ward Thomas (Houghton Mifflin).

CARTER BROOKE JONES
The Washington Evening Star

General

"A Mencken Chrestomathy," by H. L. Mencken.
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"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari.
"The Crack in the Column," by George Weller.
"The Man Who Made Friends with Himself," by Christopher Morley.
"A Little Sleep, A Little Slumber," by Norman Katkov (Doubleday).

W. G. ROGERS
The Associated Press

General

"Stalin: A Political Biography," by Isaac Deutscher.
"Male and Female," by Margaret Mead (Viking).
"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet.
"Shakespeare," by Ivor Brown (Doubleday).
"Chopin: The Man and His Music," by Herbert Weinstock (Knopf).

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"Under the Sun of Satan," by Georges Bernanos (Pantheon).
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Seeing Things

MAE POURQUOI

ON MY way to "Diamond Lil"* the other night I could not help wondering what Time, Kinsey, and O'Hara might have done to Mae West. Sixteen years ago when last I saw her (this was when the New Deal was new and other much-needed relief agencies were mushrooming), she had already become a national institution.

Since then, however, the ever-changing world has changed in ways uncountable and with unprecedented swiftness. The Kinsey Report and the atom bomb have both been dropped. We are supposed to be tougher now—war-toughened and peace-toughened, too. We are franker in our discussion of the pleasant blushful subjects. Our approach to the facts of life is nothing if not factual. We call a spayed a spayed, or worse. Grandmothers are not unconversant with, or always ungiven to, the language of GI's. The small talk of the smoking room, more than having become the conversation of the entire car, has invaded the drawing room. Our eyes have grown accustomed to four-letter words which at least simplify the task of typesetting. Even sex, that three-letter word in which Miss West has always had a rather open interest, is being talked, written, and thought about in terms so different from those of sixteen years ago that naturally I approached "Diamond Lil" in an apprehensive mood.

Would—could—La West possibly be and seem the same, thought I. Might not her boldness have become tame, her lustiness anemic? How could she hope, even granting her superior equipment, to hold her own with the fanciful enlargements of those wind-swept females who are at present plastered across the jackets of historical novels and the covers of cheap reprints? Wouldn't the sand have run out of her hourglass figure? In short, like certain other pounds, weren't hers bound to have undergone a devaluation?

But my worries, though chivalrous, were absurd. They were the sillier because I had forgotten that, in spite of her dedication to what Percy Hammond used to refer to as the "obstinate urge," Miss West has never asked to be taken seriously. Sex itself is for her a cartoon which she delights in animating. If she is a high priestess of desire, she is also its most unabashed and hilarious parodist. When she gets through with the Tenderloin, it is ham—sheer, unadulterated Smithfield.

As an archetype of the predatory female, Miss West is about as sinister as a retrieved copy of *The Police Gazette*. She remains dateless (I mean this, of course, only in the historical sense) because her choice has always been to be an anachronism. For all her contours, and in spite of the dromedary dip with which she walks, the incessant pelvic rotations that punctuate her sentences, and the steaming sultriness of her voice, her chief invitation is now, as it was in the beginning, to laughter. Had she been only a siren, Puritan America could never have been "had" by her. But she is also a farceur and a comedienne. And it is these endowments which originally saved her and which continue to endear her.

Sixteen years ago when she was conquering the country as a survival of the most tightly fitted, I tried to point out that she was that rarest of all specimens among contemporary artists. She was a pre-Freudian, than which a Miocene mammal could not be harder to find. Her scarcity value has grown with the years, even as she has. Vocally she is still a hootchie-kootchie artist. Visually she remains as modernistic as a barroom nude. She can still turn the simplest statement into a scorching insinuation. She can still make the most innocent "Hello, boys" sound like a traveling salesman's idea of "The Decameron." The course she pursues so grandly is still down the midway. Her lack of subtlety remains the most subtle thing about her.

—*From "Caricature," by Nerman.*

"Mae West's invitation is to laughter."

ONLY the Statue of Liberty has been carrying a torch for a longer time than Mae West. She, moreover, seems no more fatigued by maintaining her chosen attitude than does the iron lady down the bay with her eternally uplifted hand. Always, and proudly, an armful, Miss West is a bigger girl today than she used to be. But what devotee of the madame could object to there being more of her. She would not have had to come from Tennessee or India to be a grandmother by now. Yet few people could bear a more remote resemblance to Whistler's "Mother" or Grant Wood's "D. A. R." than she does.

No one has ever looked quite like Mae West, or ever will. She fills the eye no less

**DIAMOND LIL, by Mae West. Directed by Charles K. Freeman. Settings by William De Forest and Ben Edwards. Costumes by Paul Du Pont. Presented by Albert H. Rosen and Herbert J. Freezer. With a cast including Mae West, Richard Coogan, Charles G. Martin, Walter Petrie, Miriam Goldina, Val Gould, James Courtney, Billy Van, Sheila Trent, Sylvia Syms, Ray Bourbon, Mike Keene, Jack Howard, etc. At the Plymouth Theatre, New York City.*

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surely than she fills the stage. She is several dreams walking; several nightmares, too. She commands more curves than Christy Mathewson thought of doing. What a poster is to Proust she is to Kinsey, and also to O'Hara, in her own flamboyant person. The dictionary assures us that in mathematics a curve is the locus of a moving point continuously deviating from a straight line. A more accurate description of La West has not and could not be written.

She never deviates into Christendom any more than she wanders within the outskirts of reality. To her, sex is more than an obsession. It is a joke with no primal eldest curse upon it but with the most ancient of blessings. Her voice, like her person and her incredible costumes, disturbs the risibilities far more than it inflames the senses. A nest of attacked vipers could not emit hisses more insistent than are all of her conscienceless sentences. She is an actress who seldom reacts but who is always being reacted to; a soloist in a duet world. Accordingly, she seems lonely even in her thickly populated plays.

Although she is credited with having written "Diamond Lil," she can scarcely have bothered to use a pen or pencil. After all these years, it persists in being a dreary charade which still sounds as if it were being improvised. That is, of course, except at those plentiful moments when Lil herself is hard at work, as the professional she magnificently is, rasping and undulating, undulating and rasping. Then the evening becomes the ultimate in calculation, the final word in skilled deliberation.

The truth is that, like "The Constant Sinner" and "Sex" before it, "Diamond Lil" is no play at all. It creates a category of its own which can only be defined as a Mae Western. If it is a drama, then so is it a trip to Chinatown on a sightseeing bus. Without Mae West it would be nothing. With her it is Mae West. And that is decidedly something.

The world may have changed to a terrifying extent, but when it comes to toughness it has not yet caught up with La West. More than being a person or an institution, she has entered the language and taken her place in the underworld of the present's mythology. She is the Bobby Clark of the boudoir. She does not bother with the flowers when teaching about the bees. She continues to be what every playgoer, young and old and in search of a laugh, ought to know.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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CHINA: STILL THE GOOD EARTH

(*Continued from page 10*)

which teaches that life in and of itself is man's highest good and the newer philosophy of destructivism, inherent in Western civilization. It is again upon history that I place my belief. Chinese have lived longer upon their earth than any other human group. They are men and not gods. Something they have had which has preserved them and kept them virile in spite of age and decadence. Yet what have they had which sets them apart from others who have disappeared from the face of the earth? Nothing indeed except the belief that life is good and because it is good, it is to be preserved and continued.

Merely to believe, of course, is not enough. They also enjoy. Nowhere have I seen such enjoyment of the simplicities of life as I saw in China. The enjoyment was not childlike. It was the ultimate of sophistication. For only those who know everything know when there is nothing more. The present is all that we can grasp beyond doubt, and since this is true life must not be wasted in folly. It must be savored in every mouthful of food, in every moment's good sleep, in a bowl of hot wine, in an hour of sunshine, in rain drifting across the mountains, in a flower, in a bird, in a mountain stream, in the motion of a fan upon a hot day, in the laughter of a child, in the companionship of a friend, in the satisfaction of a lover. Time above all must be valued, precious time, which spent in haste and worry is wasted. Every moment of peace is more precious than jewels for only in peace can life be tasted to the fullest of its sweetness. So goodness is wisdom, for the evil have no peace, and kindness is wisdom, for there is no peace in suffering, and a good man enjoys his life as an evil man never can, and yet he will not force his goodness on others, for force itself brings suffering.

I read many strange things today, many prophecies and passionate pleadings of what we must do to "save China." I cannot be disturbed by those who do not know what China is. The Chinese people, too, are not disturbed. They remember the thousands of years.

Who shall say they are wrong? Who can say they are wrong when they understood life before we and our kind were born? If the world goes as it is going, they will continue long after we destroy ourselves. Perhaps they will even save us, if we will allow ourselves to be saved.

Whatever may be, then, I am willing to let this book stand as it was written. Wang Lung and Olan and their children still live, and others like them are being born every day upon the Chinese earth.

The substance of this essay will appear as an introduction to a new edition of Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," to be published later this autumn by The John Day Co.

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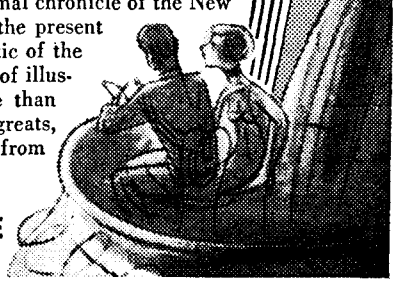

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come more familiar to him than his own.

It is a remarkable tribute to Mr. Golding's talent that he is able to find a satisfactory denouement for this terrifying story without resorting to melodrama or bloodshed. In the midst of it he places a genuinely amusing chapter to relieve the strain and protract the suspense. An aristocratic lady of the neighborhood discovers that Miss Lemuel's charming nephew who comes to her country-place one day, endowed with the proper English accent and the authentic stories of an air pilot's war adventures, must have been dead and buried for several years. When this intelligent woman glimpses the full horror of his situation, she summons two local ministers, a priest, and a Scotch psychiatrist. The arguments conducted on these three levels about devil-worship, witchcraft, and schizophrenia are alone worth the price of admission. Certainly "Honey for the Ghost" is one of the most readable and exciting books of the season, and no one should be tempted to try to take it out of its plain frame and study it in relation to any literary masterpiece. It is intended for entertainment alone, and one may hope that Mr. Golding will write other novels for the same purpose.

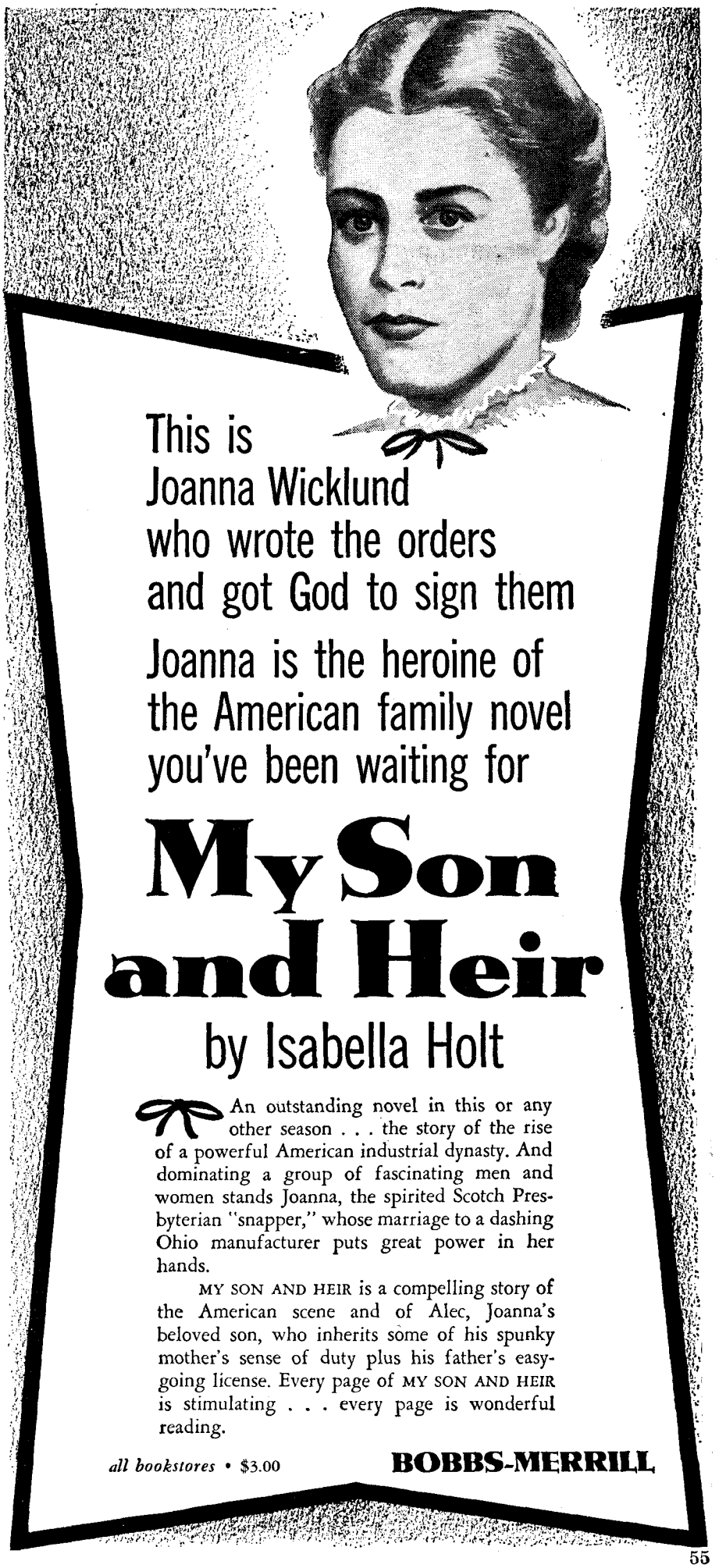
Catskills Ruckus

BIG EYES. By Oriana Atkinson. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 294 pp. $3.

By Hollis Alpert

ORIANA ATKINSON, who wrote humorously in "Over at Uncle Joe's" about a stay in Russia with her husband, every now and then allows that humorous gift to poke out in her first novel. "Big Eyes" tells of some doings in a small Catskill community during the early 1900's with gusto and earthiness, and a flavorsome sort of folk quality. Mrs. Atkinson has evidently wanted to do nothing more pretentious than to tell a good story and, except for an occasional lapse into sentimentality, she has by and large done it. A sharp-featured girl with a strain of Indian blood in her makeup is the one who causes most of the commotion in the village of Atta, and does it all by the time she reaches a precocious eighteen years.

The girl's name is Eyzie Miles and,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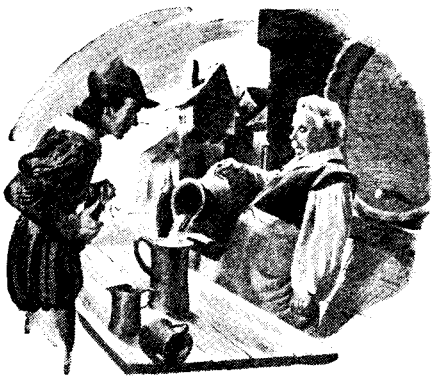

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THE modern broker who engages in large-scale financial operations takes his name from a humble origin. *Broker* appears to be derived from the Old French *broquier* or *brokier,* a dialectal form of *brochier* "one who taps a cask in order to draw the liquor." Thus, the *broker* was in the first place a retail vendor of wine. The first meaning in English was "petty dealer" or "peddler," and from this lowly beginning the word has developed to its present dignity.

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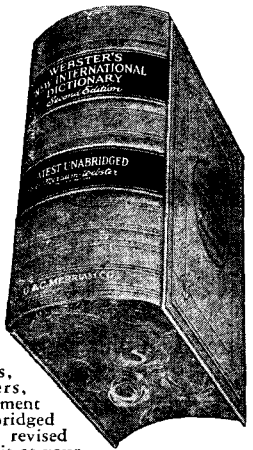

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when her mother died, she came to Atta to live with her uncle, Joe Haddock. She was eight years old then and already filled with cool self-possession and a remarkable female wisdom. It didn't take long for her to scandalize the village, which got much of its excitement and pleasure from perennially being scandalized. The rumors got around that Eyzie was a wild one, and though there was certainly some truth to the rumors, her "big eyes" had informed her, by the time she was thirteen, of exactly what she wanted. She'd selected a man and she'd selected an eventual home for herself.

The man was Bo Bedell, oldest son of the evil-tempered Lem Bedell, who'd bought the legendary old Wall place on the hill outside Atta some years before. The home Eyzie wanted was the Wall place itself, even though Lem's occupancy had given it a noisome reputation. Lem's wife, Lila, had died after tiredly giving birth to her fifth son, Floyd, who showed early the signs of his psychopathic moronity. Eyzie ran into trouble with Floyd during her first day at school and she made short work of him; he became her lumbering slave and adorer.

For so seemingly slumbering a community, Atta had a lot to gossip about, and Bo Bedell provided some for the town. It's all worked up nicely to a rousing finale, when Bo comes home after many wanderings to claim Eyzie and to carry her back to his orange grove in Florida with him (where he even had one of those strange Ford touring cars in a garage behind the house).

Mrs. Atkinson has a good ear for the back-country speech and she mostly uses that language to spin the story along. It must be said, though, that it gives off an artificial ring a little too often, and she has a way, too, of dragging an occasional cliché into her style. I found the structure of her story sagging here and there, particularly when she gives way to her desire to drag in the history of the Wall place. This is accomplished mainly through Joe Haddock's conversational reminiscences and, since the history of the house proves to be a lot duller than the carryings-on of its latter-day occupants, the usually energetic pace gets slowed down to a carriage-walk. And the sprig of white lilac used as a symbol in these historical flash backs gets to be quite annoying after awhile. Nevertheless, there's good, fresh country air blowing through it all and a nice feeling for the region.

Mrs. Atkinson's people are relatively uncomplicated and some adhere a bit closely to familiar type, but this doesn't prove much of a handicap for this tale, in which everything that happens is rather taller than life-size. Fortunately, it's Eyzie's story all the way through and, every time those eyes of hers get a speculative look in them, something is inevitably bound to happen. The ensuing ruckus in the Catskills makes good reading.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS

Walter Penney, of Silver Spring, Md., offers a matching test on Shakespearean characters. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of seventy-five is par, eighty-five is pretty good, and 100 is what you ought to get. So, here we go! Answers on page 59. What character had the name of:

1. A bird?	( ) Angus, in "Macbeth"
2. A breed of cattle?	( ) Basset, in "1 Henry VI"
3. A breed of dog?	( ) Cobweb, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
4. A color?	( ) Elbow, in "Measure for Measure"
5. A fish?	( ) Flute, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
6. A flower?	( ) Green, in "King Richard II"
7. A fruit?	( ) Iris, in "The Tempest"
8. A game?	( ) Moth, in "Love's Labour's Lost"
9. A harsh sound?	( ) Patience, in "King Henry VIII"
10. A kind of trap?	( ) Pinch, in "A Comedy of Errors"
11. A kind of tumor?	( ) Pistol, in "King Henry V"
12. A mineral?	( ) Quince, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
13. A musical instrument?	( ) Robin, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"
14. A part of the body?	( ) Rugby, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"
15. A sign of the zodiac?	( ) Scarus, in "Antony and Cleopatra"
16. A small quantity?	( ) Scroop, in "1 Henry IV"
17. A weapon?	( ) Snare, in "2 Henry IV"
18. A virtue?	( ) Taurus, in "Antony and Cleopatra"
19. An insect?	( ) Touchstone, in "As You Like It"
20. An insect product?	( ) Wart, in "2 Henry IV"

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Second-Rate Belasco

DAMION'S DAUGHTER. By Edwin Gilbert. New York: Doubleday & Co. 308 pp. $3.

By PAMELA TAYLOR

THE endlessly fascinating and glamorous backstage world forms a backdrop for "Damion's Daughter," and as Edwin Gilbert has come by his knowledge of the theatre at first hand the picture is vivid and lively. But the real theme of the novel is one man's domination of his shoddy universe, particularly of his lovely child, and her eventual liberation.

Domineering, obtuse, and ridden by neurotic fears and obsessions, Ira Damion was a formidable power in the theatre because a financially successful one. The Damion management, founded by Ira's father, was the last of the legend which had included Belasco and Frohman, but Ira Damion had made a career not of distinction but of cheap productions, of the sure but second rate. He ruled his universe, his frightened, browbeaten secretary, his slick lawyer, his old, debt-ridden director, Claude Vornet, relentlessly. But his great passion was his beautiful child, Lenore, whose mother had died when she was very small.

The Damion Playhouse, with its dated, ornate decor, its second-floor offices and great, garishly elaborate apartment on the top floor, had been home to Lenore Damion ever since she could remember. Her father wanted her to have everything she desired (if it did nothing to interrupt his monopoly of her affection and interest) and so, after her graduation from Smith, he marked her initiation into the Damion Management by allowing her to produce "Hometown," a play in which she had become interested, and one entirely unlike the usual Damion vehicles. And, as a further departure from Damion tradition, he engaged to do the sets young Paul Copely, talented and slightly crippled, who, to the consternation of his conservative, well-to-do New York family, had elected to become a scenic designer.

For Ira Damion these two gestures of indulgence for Lenore were enough; only too soon the familiar pattern began—the small economies, seemingly unimportant, but, in total, enough to alter the whole effect of the play; the familiar Damion standbys, totally miscast in the production; the properties which, dug out of the shadowy, downtown Damion warehouse, cost him nothing but detracted extravagantly from the planned effect of the scene. And as "Hometown" went into rehearsal, a curious, uneasy triangle developed—Ira Damion, Lenore, and young Paul Copely, the older man striving to maintain his tottering kingdom, built these many years on unsure ground; Lenore, struggling to be free, free of a shadow without definition under which she had grown up, of possession which she could no longer support; and Paul Copely, unable to reconcile his own artistic integrity with the love which was both its contradiction and fulfilment.

Mr. Gilbert develops the double theme of Lenore's efforts to come to terms with herself, her inheritance, and her future way of life and Ira Damion's personal disintegration with a good deal of expertness. But Lenore herself never entirely materializes as a personality; Ira Damion, victim in the end of his own whims and fears and cruelty, emerges in bold outline, arousing our horror and pity, if not sympathy.

All the theatrical detail is interesting, kept in neat balance but authentic and essential to the story itself. The secondary figures, Vornet, the pathetic old dandy who has lingered on too long in the Damion employ, Ann Lukes, the stranded British actress with her disillusioned, war-hero husband, Fay Tinsley, the brassy haired veteran of endless Damion shows, are expertly handled.

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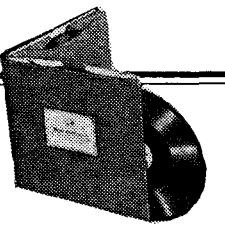

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En Route to Life

DEFINITION OF LOVE. By Catherine Ridgway McCarthy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 339 pp. $3.

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

THE confusion in which Mrs. McCarthy's heroine gropes is intensified for the reader by persistent questioning of his own memories. Surely class consciousness was not as rampant in 1933 as Connie Trumbull, college senior, assumes it to be: sixteen years ago were college girls who worked as waitresses in the summer resort hotels generally "cut dead" by their friends who happened to be guests?

If this hurdle—and similar implications—can be taken in stride or ignored, the fortunes of Connie offer an interesting study of that eternal problem, youth coming of age. For Constance is a little green apple of a girl, extremely self-centered, cursed by snobbishness, and a victim of the sheltered life to a degree incredible in a girl who has been away to school. Even a Boston college must have afforded its students a wider view of reality than this.

When the book opens Connie is returning from her summer job as a waitress in Maine. She has left four weeks before her contract terminates, because she has been snubbed by friends. The morning after she reaches home her father dies suddenly, a bankrupt. Adhering to a conventional family pattern, Connie has loved her father, disliked her mother, and is only vaguely acquainted with her brother. In a general reshuffle the widowed mother goes to live with a wealthy sister, the brother by making a rich girl his bride also settles the question of a job for himself, and Connie returns to college to work her way through her last year.

Her first position is with the family of a young instructor in economics, where her inexperience, complicated by the wife's jealousy, results in an imaginary triangle humiliating as it is vulgar. Next Connie, quickly vindicated, is engaged as companion to a wealthy blind woman whose daughter is a famous executive in the advertising field. Here Connie has time to study, to have dates, and is allowed to live in the manner to which she is accustomed.

It is perhaps unintentional on the author's part that she has made the domestic relationships in these two households more original and much more convincing than Connie's affairs of the heart. The two men in her life remain annoyingly shadowy, the suitor labeled "Communist" emerging as the Tortured Young Man to be found in any of the old morality plays. Dick Morey's connection with the Party is never clear and his inner rage to hurt and destroy could have found only temporary satisfaction in the doctrines of his Communistic friends.

Ted Sackett, a young university instructor, is the patient lover. He writes good poetry and sells it, is an expert with sailboats and possesses, for his friends, the curious distinction of being a bastard. The preoccupation of new acquaintances with this unfortunate circumstance is disconcerting, to say the least. Connie, finally realizing that she is in love with Ted, has not really clarified her bewildered young thinking, but at twenty-one she may be supposed to have set her feet upon the road to living.

The book, for all its title, suffers from a lack of definiteness. The nameless college and its students seem so far removed from Connie's orbit as to leave her without friends. One suspects that the canvas proved to be too big, for there is no actual discussion of the issues that we are asked to believe trouble the heroine; her bogey is not, as hinted, a changing social system, but her own immaturity. There is a naive attitude toward "the poor" that has a synthetic ring, but the most grievous mistake is the apparent acceptance of snobbishness as a fault that time will correct, or knowledge dissipate—whereas it is not a fault at all, but a defect of character, a congenital heart flaw for which there is no real cure.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 329

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 329 will be found in the next issue.

DOVZV DVBSK IL H

THU TBZA IL H UVU-

JVUMVYTCZA.

—Y. D. LTLYZVU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 328

A great memory does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar.
—JOHN HENRY.

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THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 43*)

the real heroes of this story emerge. They should be named. They were Col. Harry E. Clarke, Captain A. Frank Reel, Captain Milton Sandberg, and Lt. Col. Walter C. Hendrix. They fought gallantly and untiringly for their client in accordance with the highest traditions of the bar. Anyone who has been in the Army knows what it takes for junior officers to buck the manifest wishes and even hostility of high-ranking generals. As a lawyer I am proud to belong to the same profession.

It is clear from the record that MacArthur was determined that Yamashita should hang. The closest judicial analogy I can recall was the trial in "Alice in Wonderland," in which the Court announced, "Verdict first and evidence afterward." The story of the unseemly haste with which the case was prosecuted, the denial of reasonable opportunity for preparation and cross-examination, and the obstacles that were placed in the way of bringing the case ultimately to the Supreme Court in Washington is vivid but shocking.

The Supreme Court refused to pass upon the fairness of the trial because of lack of jurisdiction. Technically, the majority judges may have been right, but two dissenters, Murphy and Rutledge, in eloquent opinions brushed aside all legal subtleties and considered the case on its merits. It is significant that these two, the only ones who expressed any opinion as to the facts, declared unequivocally that Yamashita did not have a fair trial.

Yamashita was hanged as MacArthur predicted he would be long before we entered Manila. It may be needful, as the aftermath of a bitter war, to purge our residual vindictiveness by killing our captured foes. If that is so, I would prefer that they had taken Yamashita out and strung him up on the nearest lamp-post rather than to have sullied our American concepts of justice by a farcical trial. Our law is based upon precedent, and we have created one here that may come back to haunt us.

Yamashita is dead, MacArthur is avenged, but Captain A. Frank Reel has the last word. It is a good book.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Robin. 2. Angus. 3. Basset. 4. Green. 5. Scarus. 6. Iris. 7 Quince. 8. Rugby. 9. Scroop. 10. Snare. 11. Wart. 12. Touchstone. 13. Flute. 14. Elbow. 15. Taurus. 16. Pinch. 17. Pistol. 18. Patience. 19. Moth. 20. Cobweb.

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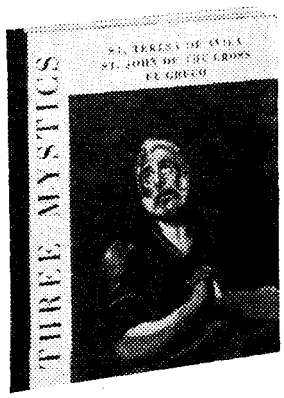
WAS EL GRECO A MYSTIC?



• We think this book, **THREE MYSTICS: St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa and El Greco** ($7.50) was definitely worth publishing. (So it ought to be at that price.) Whether El Greco, rich, successful, no saint, was in any way a mystic, who can say? At least it is a better explanation of the extraordinary way he painted than the "scientific" one that he couldn't see straight. Certainly, his pictures do interpret the writings of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross in a way that hardly seems accidental. Father Bruno de Jesus-Marie, who edits the book, is the greatest living authority on mysticism (we never say that sort of thing lightly), Bernard Champigneulle contributes a chapter on El Greco, there is another chapter by Rene Huyghe, Conservator in Chief of the paintings at the Louvre. There are 100 (yes, a hundred) illustrations, mostly reproductions of pictures by El Greco. Quite a book.

• Etienne Gilson has written a book on Dante: **DANTE THE PHILOSOPHER** ($4). If you need to be told more, you probably don't want it anyway. But we may as well mention that *Time and Tide* called the English edition "the sort of book one welcomes, not only with admiration, but also with a kind of personal delight and gratitude." M. Gilson starts off gaily by demolishing the theory that Beatrice was not a real girl, just a symbol, but the meat of the book is a discussion of Dante's philosophy in the *Convivio*, the *De Monarchia* and the *Divina Commedia*.

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SHEED & WARD

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CUD-CHEWING ANIMAL

(*Continued from page 11*)

same dull companions, then return home thinking they know North Africa. The pursuit of true knowledge requires discomfort. I think it would be very difficult to be a snob and a good novelist. A bus is closer to the people of a country than a train; a buggy or a horse is closer than a bus. Walking is the closest of all. Out of the mosquito bites, the fleas, the hard beds in a tourist court, and all the varied accidents of the road, there gradually emerges a picture of a region, and an understanding of its inhabitants' philosophy.

I think this is the reason why I have never read a good novel written about novelists. There may be a worthy one I have missed. But all which have come my way were the work of an individual who merely walked from the publishing house where he was employed to another publisher's cocktail party, and tried to make something important of his excursion. The intended atmosphere was always an artificial creation, several layers removed from life, like the advertisements of Dutch girls carrying cans of cocoa which in turn show other Dutch girls carrying other cans. These stories of limited scope, it seems to me, are the true "regional" novels. I object, on principle, to novels about novelists, films about film actors, plays about playwrights. Except in extraordinary cases they are degenerate forms of creation, artistically incestuous.

The novelist, particularly as he begins to conceive his work, must be in a constant state of readiness, of reception. But he must be a prospector, a gold miner as well, ever on the lookout for some nugget that adds to his store of human understanding. He should know how to start a conversation with strangers; having made the opening, he must know when to keep talking and when to listen. The rewarding story, the odd character, may turn up in the most unlikely places. The quiet colored maid in a conventional Northern hotel where I happened to be stopping told me how her niece was being fatally hypnotized by a blacksnake, a narrative rivaling in its weird detail anything I ever heard in the Congo. On a boring train trip I suddenly found that the traveler beside me was an official attached to a state penitentiary whose grim claim to fame was that he had walked to the death chair with more condemned criminals than anyone else in America.

The novel is a reflection of the author's experience, poetically transmuted through his imagination. More and more, as I have practised the medium, it has become for me a kind of symphony, all its parts closely interwoven about a dominant theme. The choice of that theme is vital, for on it the whole character of the composition depends. Yet, like the accidental story, the novelist never knows when he will come upon the incident which will crystalize an idea that has long been germinating, and provide the impulse which will occupy several years of creation. I watched some poor Mississippi folk doggedly starting to build again just after a flood had washed their homes away. And I wrote a novel whose theme was the river. In the middle of the Arabian desert I met a youth from an Ozark village playing mandolin, banjo, and musical saw, and later found others of his kind lost

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
LOVELY LADY, PITY ME *Roy Huggins* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Calif. writer for national mag. finds estranged wife stabbed and himself chief suspect. Love-starved millionaire's wife holds alibi—but. . . .	Harassed hero's frantic attempts to solve case before cops close in proceed at Mack Sennettish tempo to blah finish.	Feverish
ENGAGED TO MURDER *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.25)	French member of Buenos Aires international set skewered with Bolivian poncho pin. Oil company sleuth Vanner sifts twelve subjects.	Multiplicity of suspects, none of them too clearly defined, makes atmospheric and emotional yarn slightly confusing—but it jells properly.	Average

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in the wilderness of Africa—I wrote an ironic novel whose theme was the struggle of a small-town American to carry his native customs and beliefs unchanged wherever he wanders. In the Kentucky mountains I came often upon some old pioneer baffled by the juke boxes and the steel mills closing about him, and in one remote section found a group of mountain dwellers desperately resisting the building of a road that would end their isolation—and I had the theme of my new novel, the little man fighting against a mechanized world.

The thematic or symphonic method makes not only for richness, but for strength. In my own work I plan a novel complete in every detail before I set pen to paper, and I know the last word before I put down the first. If in the writing some action I had projected seems false, it is easy to drop the offending sequence and substitute one that is logical. In an intricately plotted novel such a development might prove fatal and make the completion of the book impossible. A plot is a hazard; a theme is indestructible.

The novel should be a product of a slow, natural growth; it is not a detective or adventure story, to be tossed off with seasonal regularity. Its development should not only be probable; it must be inevitable. To work toward that goal, before I write a scene I always ask myself the question: Is this situation here because the stern logic of events must move in this direction? Or is it merely an episode which I, the novelist, find colorful or would like for my own convenience to happen? If it cannot stand this harsh test of necessity, out it goes into the author's boneyard of good but abandoned ideas, there to await some happier day of resurrection.

Every writer knows that fiction must be truer than truth. Within recent months this fact has been impressed upon me. An important section of the novel on which I was working concerned a Holy Roller revivalist, and I had long known of an actual episode in the career of such a figure which seemed designed for my purposes. The revivalist, descending from a Pullman at the small-town station where he was to conduct services, suddenly flung himself before a train speeding down the other track. The locomotive stopped with a horrible screeching of brakes a few feet from the preacher, who had, of course, carefully calculated the distance. The effect on the simple townspeople was overwhelming.

This occurrence appeared to be in perfect character for my own showman-evangelist. I included it in the

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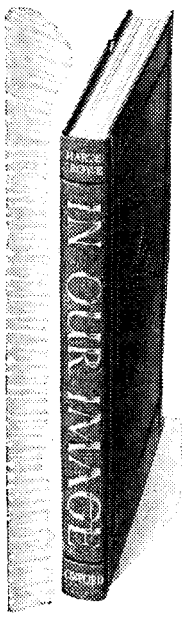

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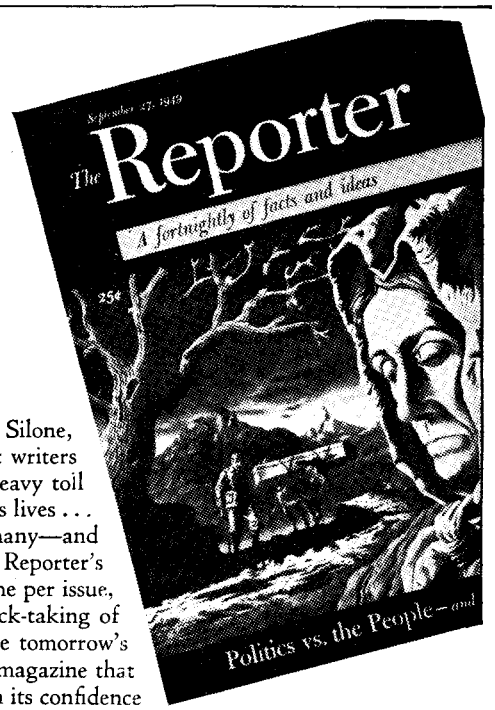

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framework of my story, and looked forward with zest to the time of its writing. But when I came to relate it, though the incident was true, it rang dismally hollow, melodramatic as a lurid scene from the tent shows which graced my childhood. And back into my notes it went, probably to lie entombed forever. The novelist must regard his creations with the same cool restraint that the cynical man of the world declares is the proper attitude for a lover. He who loves a scene too much will live to rue the day.

AS WITH his episodes, so with his characters the final test of a novelist's art must be this principle of truer than truth. It has been my own practice never to portray an actual person. I think it would be difficult to employ a living man or woman without change. Art is selection, not reproduction. In my own case I like to create a character who is a composite, his thoughts, his development a blending of a number of similar figures I have observed in life. In physical as well as mental attributes I like to follow the same method: a chin taken from a farmer working in his cornfield and a nose from another come to town for his supplies; a pair of shoes worn by a Texas oil worker standing near a derrick and a hat from one of his fellows walking into a bar. Yet this composite is truer than any single individual. For he is more representative, more typical. He is Everyman of his kind.

Writers have often had the experience of traveling in some area they had never before visited and being asked by the tobacco-chewing postman: "That there judge you wrote about in that book had the funny dog, that was Tom Cheevers lived up at Goose Creek, wasn't it?" And any denial is received with chilly skepticism.

It is likewise a common occurrence for the writer with real, and not superficial, knowledge of those he describes to create out of his imagination situations that later become fact. Once I wrote a fictional story about an old man who worked and planned for years to visit New Orleans. When he at last achieved his goal and came near the city he was so frightened he turned around and hurried away without even seeing the suburbs. Years later I witnessed the scene in actuality when traveling on a bus entering Washington, D. C. On another occasion I wrote of a simple, unmusical Southerner who spent his whole life trying to secure a grand piano. Long after I came upon this imaginary drama re-enacted as truth in the lonely Kentucky hills. There is nothing of the miraculous here. It is merely that the careful novelist who observes his people with understanding can tell how they will behave under any circumstances.

The novelist must not only be a creator; he must be a destroyer as well, ruthless in self-criticism. There is a fetish today in certain quarters of "easy writing." To my mind this easy writing makes only for hard reading. Unity of mood, perfection of character, the choice of the poetic words are not the accomplishment of a moment. It was my good fortune to work on a daily paper in the year of the great newsprint famine that came as an aftermath of the First World War. A reporter in those dimly distant times was often compelled to say in two paragraphs what might ordinarily require two columns. I learned to husband my words, as bankers, I am told, husband their mortgages. The effect still lingers. If an individual is kind enough to read one of my books, I feel it unfair to put down a single syllable more than is necessary for him to gain the impression I intended. To attain this end, I find it necessary to write and prune, with patience and with fury. I have written as many as seven drafts of my later novels, before each word had its precise meaning and the last phrase that could be eliminated had been cast away.

DIFFUSION, it seems to me, is the artist's worst enemy; compression is his greatest ally. That is the reason the radio programs where brilliant men and women are asked to sit down and scintillate so often achieve only boredom and montony. I have never met anyone, no matter how witty, how brilliant, whose constant speech is worth recording. As for myself, I should be prepared to murder with polite dispatch the individual who would compel me at a sitting to listen to everything I said in the course of a day.

This rigid elimination might work some hardship on the more neurotic literary practitioners of our era, who for emotion substitute clinical analyses and for imagination present a medical dictionary. Of their books nothing would be left but the covers and the numbers on the empty pages. But art—and sanity—would profit.

The novelist is a creature of many moods and professions, a jack of every trade. With his characters he must be at once doctor, priest, and devil's advocate. He is comedian, tragedian, villain, clown. He must know when to make his audience laugh and when to make it mourn; he must know when the play is ended and it is the hour to go home.

As he writes and observes he cannot help but become a philosopher, with his own interpretation of the absurd but ever-fascinating pageant that is the human comedy. He need not hope to alter the universe. But he can hold a mirror up to life, so that men may study their reflections and laugh at their childish vanities.

The mirror he uses may be of many sorts. His hope can be only one—to make the reflection true.

Ben Lucien Burman's new novel, "Everywhere I Roam," will be published late this fall by Doubleday & Co. A former newspaperman, Mr. Burman is also author of "Steamboat Round the Bend" and "Rooster Crows for Day."

The Fox Hunt

By Charles Edward Eaton

THIS is the season of the hound and spur;
Fruition is past and every leaf is dead.
With ritual defiance, the hunter, jacketed in red,
Rides through woods where all the ironies of rusted green concur.

A sympathy, not soft, but quick and male
Blends man and mount in the fluid weld of chase;
Past intelligence, this is the ruthless grace
Of motion that will not grant with faltering pause that it could fail.

While the fox runs free, a lean and russet streak across the field,
Taunting the euphoria of the leap, the thunder and thud
Of hoof drives impact of earth into the blood,
And a joy, plunging in veins like madness still controlled,
spends full tilt and will not yield.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
ROMANTIC MISCELLANY		
BRAHMS: "TRAGIC" OVERTURE, OP. 81. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Mengelberg. Capitol EBL 8014 (2) (Expected also on 45 and LP.)	One of those big, weighty European-style recordings; sounds like one-mike, over-all pickup. Excellent tonal range. Suits style of music and performance.	On first hearing it seemed dreadfully heavy, Germanic, slow; repeated playing shows a wealth of carefully shaped detail, great cumulative power. After all, this is not music to be streamlined! This is a great performance.
TCHAIKOWSKY: OVERTURE "1812." Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Mengelberg. *a*) Mercury LP: MG 15000 (10″) *b*) Capitol 78: EBL 8022 (2) (Also 45 and LP.)	All of these are dubbed from orig. German masters. The Mercury LP is fairly straight copy, fine highs, some blemished. Capitol 78 is duller on highs, has been "cleaned up" nicely.	Confusion! To best of my knowledge these are from same German original, Mercury via Czech Ultraphon, Capitol (this side of Curtain) via Telefunken. A suit impends, will involve some extraordinary legal complications no doubt.
SCHUBERT: "TROUT" QUINTET IN A, OP. 114. Franz Rupp, pf., and Stross Quartet (with double bass). Capitol EDL 8019 (4) (Also 45 and LP.)	A natural, luminous recording with good, sharp piano, suited to special high-register Schubert style. Double bass gives unique tone quality. Good liveness, instruments close but not dead.	A straightforward, warm performance; the clarity and naturalness of the recording does much to help it. Hardly an earth-shaking rendition—but this superb, unassuming music needs simple playing.
ENESCO: "RUMANIAN RHAPSODY" #1; LISZT: "MEPHISTO WALTZ." N. Y. Philharmonic, Rodzinski. Columbia LP: ML 2057 (10″)	Reissue worth noting because the Enesco is one of those rare Columbia LP's virtually perfect as played on wide-range equipment. Many LP's, *played with full range*, are variably buzzy in the louder parts for reasons not yet clear to me. But note that on 99% of average (narrower range) home machines these distortions are unheard, the records entirely OK. Same applies to numerous other LP offerings.	
WITH THE MODERNS		
BARTOK: STRING QUARTET #3 (1927); FIVE PIECES FROM "MICROCOSMOS" (arr. Tibor Serly). B. Erle, M. Raimondi, vls., W. Trampler, vla., Claus Adam, cello. Bartók Recordings PB001 (1 LP) (309 W. 57th St., New York.)	An excellent technical job of LP recording and pressing, as good as anything to date. Surfaces, like most non-Columbia LP's, not so quiet as Columbia's own. Excellent range, very little distortion, good "presence."	The Quartet is from most dissonant period but in this robust performance (and recording) is surprisingly easy to like. "Microcosmos" was for piano; Serly makes idiomatic and effective string arrangements of the little pieces.
SCARLATTI: FOUR SONATAS. Bela Bartók, pianist. (Recorded 1929.) Bartók Recordings PB101 (10″ 78 rpm.)	Rather faint, but good piano tone, even though minus highs.	No elegant polish here—instead a characteristic Bartók drive and power, a tremendous sense for the harmonic logic of these small works. (Bartók Recordings is an enterprise of Bela Bartók's son, Peter.)
HINDEMITH: SONATA (1940); DE FALLA: SUITE POPULAIRE ESPAGNOLE, arr. Kochanski (1914). Isaac Stern, vl.; Alexander Zakin, pf. Columbia LP: ML 2050 (10″) De Falla only: MX 314 (2)	Big, resonant violin, quite close, piano in background, a bit plunky. Not unlike recent Szigeti and Francescatti recordings. High volume may cause trouble; highs prominent—use plenty of roll-off (tone control). (LP's vary widely in strength of high tones.)	A softer, lyric Hindemith, immeasurably helped in the hearing by this utterly musical performance. Excellent piece to get to know H. with. De Falla is transcription of his Popular Songs (cf. Carmen Torres in VDM 1223) — popular, but meaty too. Another sympathetic performance.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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BOWERY FLOP-JOINT

THEY are not dead, although they sprawl inert
As fighters who have known some fatal hurt;
They are life's maimed and wounded who woo sleep
In sordid rows through which thin fetors creep,
The derelicts cast up by careless tides,
The flotsam that a turbid city hides,
Where half-unclad in each malodorous bunk
They mark the depths to which drab souls have sunk
And ease their anguish in a fetid cell,
And still crave rest, though half-way down to Hell.
No eager world awaits them when they wake,
No woman leans above them for love's sake,
Dawn in the East means little in their eyes
That see no promise in earth's April skies.
There may be wheat to harvest, flocks to tend,
Plow-teams to guide and wounded roads to mend,
New homes to fashion in some promised land
Where pit and mill await an eager hand.
But they shun paths of too predicted strife
To drift about the underworlds of life
Where half-forgetful of the city's roar,
And half unsatisfied, they sleep and snore
With loosened jaw and flaccid unshaved chin
And emptied heart no hope can enter in.
They sleep in stagnant torpor, side by side,
Not knowing, though still living, how they died,
Died just a little day by dreary day
As faith went out and valor passed away
And fortitude burned low and left them cold
And, finally, they found their hearts were old.
But these—are these the men the slow sad climb
Up from the tongueless and ancestral slime
Was thought to clothe in grace and kingliness
Where conscious beauty could about them press?
Are these the spirits of the long ascent
That learned to view the stars with wonderment,
And, gladdened at a thrush's golden note,
Watched moonbeams on night's silenced waters float?
Then tell us, sleepers, what dark hand betrayed
You whom God once in His own image made!

—ARTHUR STRINGER.

* * *

TO MY NEPHEW, AGED 4 MONTHS

Pooky, as I thrust a pin
(Never certain where it's going)
I could wish you might begin
Curbing kicks, if not your crowing.

Somewhat less exuberance,
Sir, I beg! This pleasant duty
Agile antics scarce enhance
As I seek to knot your bootee.

I suspect you *know* you're smart,
For the substance and the sum is
You're aware you have my heart
Gripped securely as my thumb is.

—RAYMOND HOSKEN.

* * *

"He the Maker," by William B. Ziff (Argus Books, Inc., Mohegan Lake, N. Y.), is available in two editions, the trade edition for $2.50 and the "limited" autographed for $5. It comes to my desk with very laudatory jacket material. Mr. Ziff is well known for his prose, notably "The Coming Battle of Germany." In the present dramatic poem, chiefly a monologue by the Supreme Being, he attempts a great deal, and he has thought a great deal (evidently) about the moving power of the universe and the paradoxes of Man's faiths. Yet his poem hardly rises above prose, though its exposition is sound enough. Such a theme needs a Shelley, and Mr. Ziff is no Shelley. Nevertheless the poem is interesting to read for its "argument." If a poet could take the argument and translate it into the language of great poetry it might indeed be a notable work.

* * *

APPLYING ART TO LIFE

A matron has problems
Unknown to a filly
Such as, how to look Young
Without looking Silly.

—VIOLETTE SEALOCK.

* * *

I am glad to publish this brief letter from an *SRL* editor of yore, now distinguished commentator for the American Broadcasting Company, namely, Elmer Davis:

> With all respect to "The Brass Bowl," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and "The House of 1,000 Candles," lauded in your recent *SRL* column, they are all in the minor leagues. The greatest of all pleasures in the field of literature is to read Herodotus the first time—preferably in the original and certainly unexpurgated, if there are any unexpurgated translations.

This reminds me that Lord Dunsany certainly got his plot for "The Queen's Enemies" from Herodotus. In my youth I chanced on the same story in a translation, but had not the wit to make use of it. It seems to me that the story of King Rhampsinitus's treasure house was also there, and that Dunsany used that also for a play. I may be wrong. The Halicarnassian was, of course, the "Father of History."

* * *

NASHING OF TEETH

Ogden Nash has pulled a corker
In September 10th's *New Yorker*.
Although, with antic rhyme and frivol
He brands much modern English "drivel,"
And rides this topic like a Jehu—
He offers a reward "to he who."

—ROBERT L. BATES.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Of *The Saturday Review of Literature* published weekly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1949.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. R. Cominsky, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the general manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Sction 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 88,958. (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1949, Nathan Cohn. (My commission expires March 30, 1950.)

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FRUSTRATED and intellectually isolated author outraged by dullards and ruefully sated with Huxley, Husmans, Dali and Baudelaire, is expiring with ennui. Will exchange ideas on what remains. Box 369-A.

PERSONALS

CHARMING SECRETARY, mature, wide interests, desires correspondence, mature well-bred, executive, businessman. Box 370-A.

AMPLE LIVING SPACE, meals, available in Riverdale, NYC home for 12 year youth with lone parent. Box 371-A.

FOR RENT: Professor's home fronting Sound; New Haven, $90. Box 372-A.

PICTURESQUE century-old Vermont cottage, beside covered bridge, brook, river bordered, 12 acres. Electricity, telephone, never failing well. Close village, highway. $4,000, $2,500 cash. Box 373-A.

MATURE GAL invites correspondence from artistic and professional gents. Box 374-A.

MODERN MENTAL MINORITY MALE desires correspondence with counterpart. Loves literature. Box 376-A.

PHYSICIAN-WRITER 26, earnest yet gay, wishes to co-rent Manhattan apartment with congenial young man who does not smoke, drink, attend church, or play the radio incessantly. Box 377-A.

JUNIOR-COLLEGE ENGLISH TEACHER seeks path into publishing world. Excellent administrative background. Salary commensurate with wife and children. Box 378-A.

CAPABLE YOUNG LADY, secretary, sailing Europe, Nov. with family, seeks employment abroad. Box 379-A.

SQUARE DANCER, rhumba beginner, well-educated, mature, young man, invites feminine correspondence. Box 380-A.

MALE would correspond with people interested in skiing. Box 381-A.

TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC whisper to you from giant abalone shells. Enormous and lovely colored. Fine for gifts, ash trays, plant holders. 75¢ each, 3 for $1.50. Reinig, 15145 Nurmi, San Francisco, Calif.

VISITING SECRETARY—Diversified experience, personable, competent. Available evenings, Saturdays. Box 384-A.

LACONIC JOE, no trait to vaunt or axe to grind, but many likes, such as tennis, invites correspondence. Box 385-A.

WISH SOME HONEST, mature guy would write. Love of living needs stimulus. Box 386-A.

PORTRAITS IN PASTELS from favorite photograph. Satisfaction guaranteed. WAKEFIELD STUDIO, Earlysville, Va.

YOUNG LADY, interested Spanish literature, music, desires correspondence with Spaniard. Box 391-A.

FOR REFINED GENTLEMAN, comfortable home in small town near Atlantic City. Write P. O. Box 353, Tuckerton, N. J.

STRANDED MALE of incredibly varied interests and afflicted with acute case of epistolary itch, yens for stimulating mail. Box 94-A.

WANTED: Able writer to help re-write novel, speculation basis. Box 395-A.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN, veteran, recovering tuberculosis, interested books, desires correspondence similar sincere, young lady. Box 396-A.

EXPERIENCED GOVERNESS, college student, wishes position with traveling family, during months of Jan. and Feb. Barbara Goldberg, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt.

VACATIONS

BERMUDA. For rent: well-furnished cottages on waterfront near Hamilton. Box 203, Hamilton, Bermuda.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brookville, Me. Artist's peaceful seaside retreat. New England cooking.

HARBOR HILL, Cold-Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y. Beauty, peace, comfort. Good food, good talk.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 811

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Names of two kings of Great Britain, house of Stuart.

B. First name, Russian-born pianist and conductor in America, son-in-law of Mark Twain (1878-1936).

C. Irish-born American author (1883–; "Queen Anne Boleyn," 1938, etc.).

D. Any field of granular snow.

E. One of three Hebrews cast into a fiery furnace and miraculously saved (Bib.).

F. Intimate friend and correspondent of Cicero, whose letters to him he edited (109–32 B.C.).

G. Volcanic peak in northern Calif., 14,161 ft.

H. British educator, inventor of "Basic English" (1889–).

I. Author of recent life of Edwin Arlington Robinson.

J. To put or rouse into vigorous action.

K. British sculptor in New York City (1860-1936; bust of Henry Ward Beecher in Hall of Fame).

L. State admitted into the Union, Nov. 16, 1907.

M. London mercer and philanthropist of legendary fame (1358?-1423).

WORDS

128 15 105 145 31

93 84 149 25 62

99 22 118 114 72 1 157

23 134 147 103

78 142 53 96 19 130 173

28 56 48 152 172 162 122

60 174 138 160 85 55

66 36 125 148 16

108 175 94 164

88 129 65 33 178 9

177 2 13 124 24

156 29 51 104 12 43 168 97

176 74 91 26 42 112 67 37 154 167 71

DEFINITIONS

N. German-born U. S. cartoonist (cartoons on the Tweed Ring; 1840–1902).

O. Holland-born New York merchant trader, whose manor in Yonkers is preserved as historic relic.

P. Lacking spirit.

Q. Novel by Margaret Ayer Barnes, 1935.

R. Old German, later French, province between the Rhine and the Vosges Mountains.

S. Oswald's vocation in "King Lear."

T. To bring into syntony (physics).

U. Night (Norse myth.).

V. Strikes so as to make dull sounds.

W. To engage or fix; as the mind, attention, etc.

X. First name of hero in title of novel by Charles Reade, 1866.

Y. Contrarily.

Z. Reticulated.

Z.[1] Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, 1931.

WORDS

40 61 181 20

120 170 81 38 83 141 137 3

6 39 132 161 69 180 92 106

119 109 139 77 86 59 153 95 171 133 159

75 136 17 79 117 30

82 151 100 73 89 166 58

68 131 76 35 5 21

80 155 179 46

121 111 10 140 90

116 110 11 126 50 144 54

41 143 47 165 163 150 98 158

4 18 49 45 64 169 146 32 127

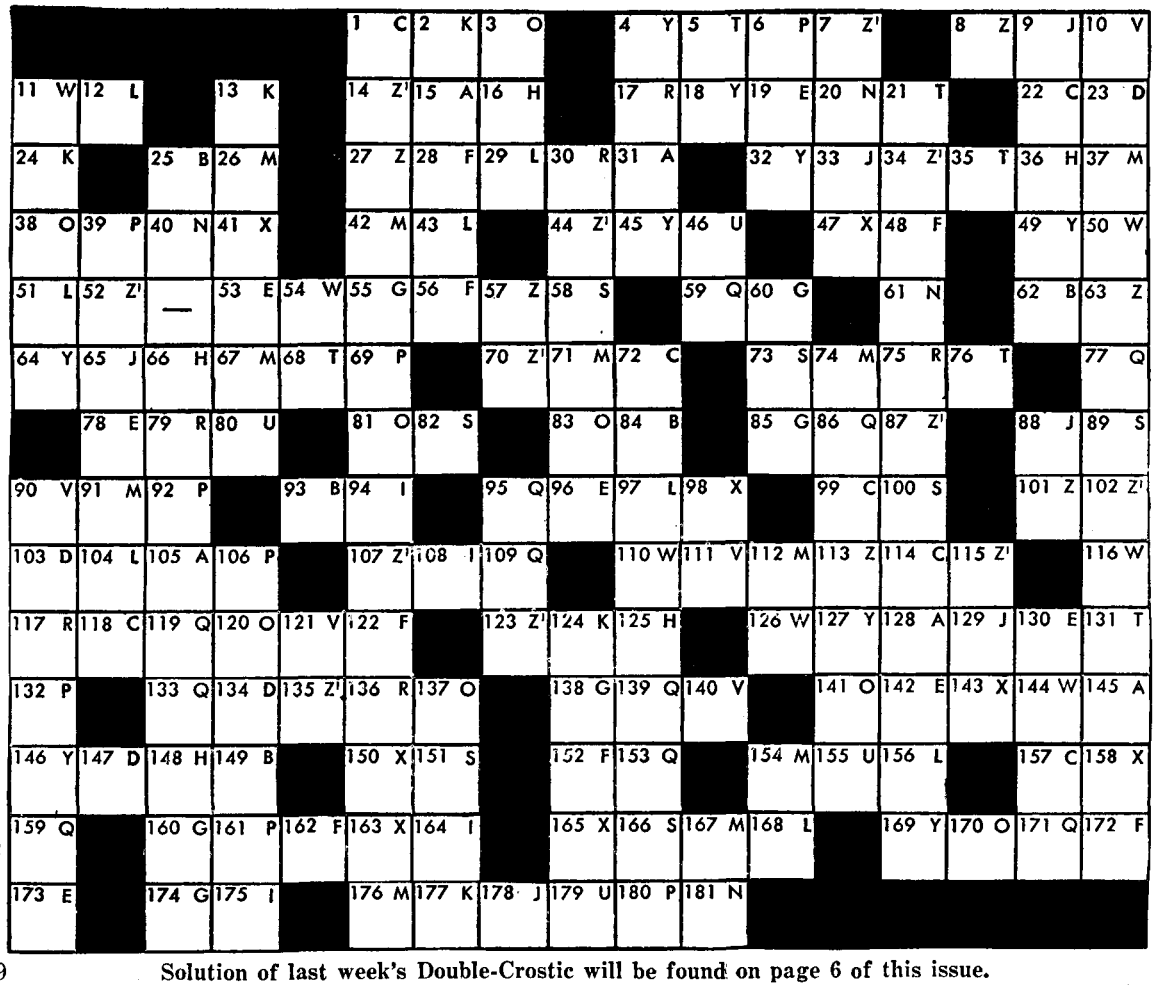
113 57 8 27 63 101

7 87 107 34 115 70 52 44 102 123 14 135

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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